The Ferocious Beasts Issue: Dinosaurs! Killer Bees! Andrew "Dice" Clay!

HITCH

#13 • FALL 1996 • $3.50

Twister Mania!

Losing Your Bingo Virginity

Telemarketing Hell

Reel Wild Cinema

Free Presidential Election Game Inside!

WHAT IS THIS DOG THINKING?

HITCH

UNOFFICIAL RAG OF THE '96 OLYMPICS

Editor-in-Chief / Publisher
Rod M. Lott

International Affairs Editor
Joe Rogers

Senior Editors
Ken Davis
Steve Hunt
Jamie Munn
Ryun Patterson

Gracious Contributors
Bob Clipson
Debbie Davis
Merrell "Root" Hamer
Chris Henry
Brad Lott
Malena Lott
Tom Neesnan
John Scariano
Tiffany Wilken

Layout and Design
Rod M. Lott

Online Manager
Taylor Wilken

Stapler
Chance Giffhorn

We're Glad He's Dead
Timothy Leary

Word We Find Funny
nosh

Dumbest Food Product Name
Papa Piroshki

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HITCH

#13 • FALL 1996

"The truth is, I practice absurdity quite religiously."
—*Alfred Hitchcock*

MAIN FEATURES

Twister Blister/8 This museum is a cross between a TG&Y and the Church of Bill Paxton. A he-man adventure by Rod Lott. **Dog-Gone Psychic/20** The truth about the woman who tells the truth about cats and dogs. By Ken Davis. **No Dice/24** If you can survive an interview with unfunny, pudgy comedian Andrew "Dice" Clay, then you can do it all. By Ryun Patterson. **Reel Wild Cinema: The Reel Story/27** It's the show that celebrates bad cinema, minus wisecracking robots. By Rod Lott. **BINGOh, No!/30** And bingo is so lame-o. By Ken Davis. **Pennsylvania Avenue Pursuit!/32** As the presidential race heats up, you can play at home, if you can find someone who wants to be Pat. By Joe Rogers and Rod Lott. **Yerbasic Park/36** Kids + dinosaur statues = a prayer for one of the statues to come to life and run rampant. By Jamie Munn. **Here's the Story of a Bloated Ego/38** Adios, Johnny Bravo. You're washed up. By Ken Davis. **Telehell/40** And if anyone has come up with a sure-fire method to get these people off your back, let us know. By Ryun Patterson.

EVERYTHING ELSE

Heapin' Mailbag/3 Bob Clipson even got an AARP membership card this month, but we didn't bother to print it. **The FBI's Fugitive of the Month/11** This guy did something bad. **The Robert Goulet Death Watch/11** This guy probably did, too. Get some surveillance going on him. **Small Town Blotter/11** Transients do the darndest things! **STATS/12** McWe McExamine McThe McSuccess McOf McDonald's Arch Deluxe. **PRBS/13** Wiping for women, made easy. **Tom Neesnan's Belated Movie Reviews/13** *Teen Wolf, Too*? Better late than never. By Tom Neesnan. **KISS: The Movie/13** Imagine the vomiting blood if only it were in 3-D! **Holy Mash Note!/14** The Caped Crusader makes an indecent proposal to a **HITCH** staffer, and we have photographic proof. **Campus Craziness/14** The first in a series. Also the last. **HITCH Paparazzi/15** Sign, sign, everywhere a sign. **HITCH Vox Populi/16** Five far-reaching, mind-probing questions – and your stupid answers – regarding killer bees. **Robert Downey Jr. Addiction Roulette/18** Stakes is high, Chaplin! **"Dear Mr. Clipson:"/19** Bob writes to somebody or another. I'm too lazy to look. By Bob Clipson. **Now Ear This/44** Jenny McCarthy on a CD cover. That's all you need to know. **Videos/46** Most of the tapes viewed for this issue were done so under the influence of prescription drugs, so think twice before following any recommendations. Reviews by Rod Lott. **Flicks/57** Once again, our bitter look back at the summer movie season. Featuring lots of mean 'n' vicious sidebars, many directed at *Kazaam*. By Rod Lott, with material by John Scariano and Tiffany Wilken. **Reading Material/63** If I don't get more good stuff in the mail to read, I'm dropping this lame section.

COVER
Tinker's mind is a muddled mess of chaos.

Please send all kindhearted words, acrimonious missives and items for review to Heapin' Mailbag, c/o **HITCH**, *P.O. Box 23621, Oklahoma City, OK 73123-2621. Or e-mail us at RLott@aol.com. All mail is subject to extreme ridicule.*

ALL THINGS PENILE

Oh, Clem,

Re: Your impotence seminar story ("The ErecAid Acrid Test," **HITCH** 12): That's some good smack! You are a brave soul. You'll go to any length (pardon the pun) for your craft, won't you? One thing's for sure, you've got balls!

Ken Davis
Wichita, KS

Rod:

HITCH rules, you know. I finally had a day off where I could sit and work through the pile of zines on my floor. **HITCH** 12 was a hoot. I loved the ErecAid adventure, if only 'cause those guys call me all the time trying to get publicity in *Playboy*. Osbon even has a web page now at *http://www.osbon.com*.

I was suspicious of them 'cause they had set up this "research organization" – the John Osbon Foundation or something like that – which is the oldest trick in the book for getting publicity out about your product 'cause journalists usually don't ask, "Who funds you?" They ostensibly do "studies" on male sexual dysfunction and provide "unbiased" information to anyone that calls their hotline, but sounded shady to me.

Steve's "Hoopin' with the Cons" was great, too. When I was in college, I organized this club team that once played at Statesville in Joliet. We caught a glimpse of Richard Speck in the hallway on the way to the gym. The convicts spanked us cause we only had five guys.

I once took a girl on a first (and last) date to Chuck E. Cheese.

The cockroach in the straw was the best of the "Return of Fast Food Horrors!," but wouldn't it bust the straw?

Chip Rowe
Chicago, IL

Being a full-service magazine, Chip, we forwarded your question to the author of that anecdote. He answers: "Well, I don't know much about the physics of sucking cockroaches through straws, but I know what I like (awkward Monty Python reference). Actually, Rod, it's still incredibly painful to think about that experience. I'm sure things far more amazing than that have been sucked through straws, but I don't really want to think about what those things might be.

Dear Mr. Lott:

The enclosed reprint of an ad which just ran in *The Popular Mechanics Magazine* you will find interesting for a number of reasons.

In essence, it gives you and other males over 40 timely information on prostate gland disorder such as benign prostatic hyperplasia (BPH) and what the odds are that you may come to suffer from an enlarged prostate.

Then it explains when mild discomforts can become disabling and the complications that could occur if surgery is needed. And it tells what many doctors feel can reduce the risk of and discomforts of an enlarged prostate gland known as BPH.

You will read the ad with special interest, too, because it references scientific results about safe and effective remedies being reported in various medical journals and adds to your knowledge of how certain health nutritional ingredients can help men with benign prostate problems as well as those who wish to prevent them.

Many men have found the content in the reprint and our product very helpful. As someone whose odds say you and other men your age or older may face prostate disorders such as BPH, you too, will be interested in reading the enclosed.

As you read the reprint, see if you can identify with any of the conditions described.

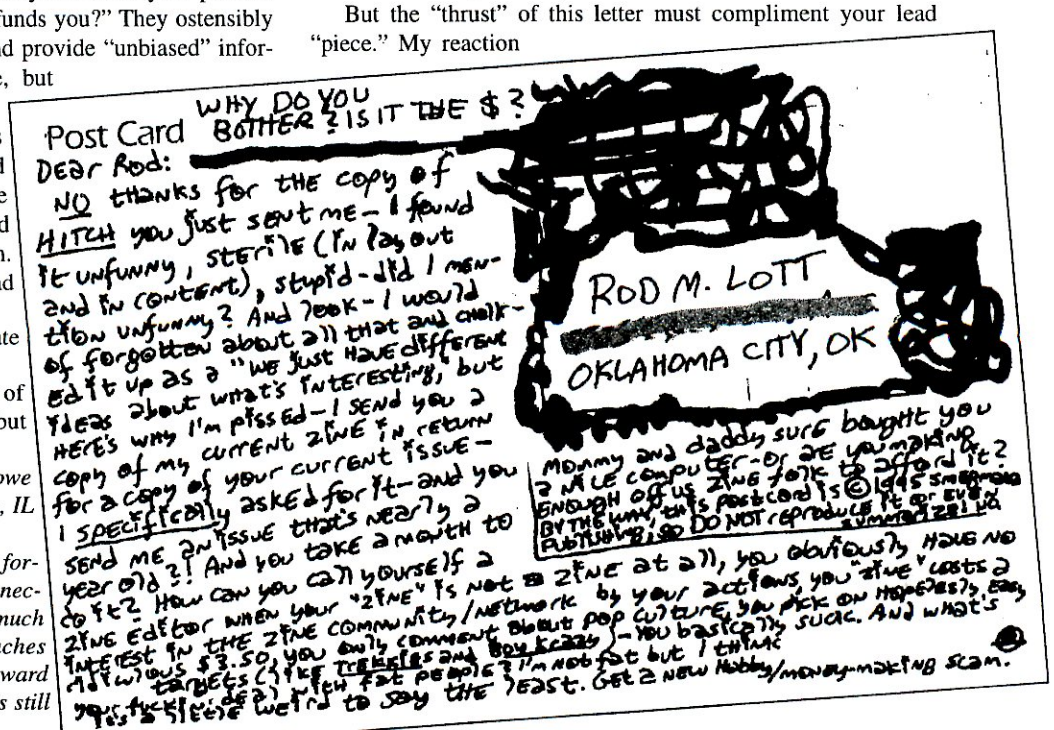
Cynthia Kolke
President, White Wing Labs
Granada Hills, CA

*Now that I've written about Robert Goulet's prostate (***HITCH** *5) and last issue's ErecAid thing, I've been added to some strange mailing lists. The ad to which Cynthia refers (and with which I do not identify) appears on our back cover.*

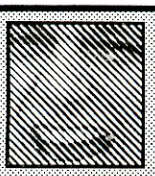
Hey Rod Guy,

Let me just tell you how totally cool **HITCH** 12 is...it's cool. It makes me think of all the stuff I could be doing if I was just motivated. Excellent work on "UpChuck E. Cheese," "How I Survived a Birthday Party at Chuck E. Cheese's...and Lived to Tell About It," "Kevin Can Wait" and "Romper Stomper."

But the "thrust" of this letter must compliment your lead "piece." My reaction


Post Card
WHY DO YOU BOTHER? IS IT THE $?
Dear Rod:
NO thanks for the copy of HITCH you just sent me – I found it unfunny, sterile (in layout and in content), stupid – did I mention unfunny? And look – I would've forgotten about all that and chalked it up as a "we just have different ideas about what's interesting, but HERE'S WHY I'M PISSED – I send you a copy of my current zine in return for a copy of your current issue – I specifically asked for it – and you send me an issue that's nearly a year old?! And you take a month to do it? How can you call yourself a zine editor when your "zine" is not a zine at all, you obviously have no interest in the zine community/network by your actions, you "zine" costs a ridiculous $3.50, you only comment about pop culture, you pick on hopefully easy targets (like fat people? I'm not fat but I think you're a sleaze) with the least. Get a new hobby/money-making scam.
ROD M. LOTT
OKLAHOMA CITY, OK
Mommy and daddy sure bought you a nice computer – or are you making enough off us zine folk to afford it?
BY THE WAY, THIS POSTCARD IS © 1995 SMEGMA PUBLISHING; DO NOT reproduce it or even

A LETTER FROM THAT ROD GUY



Response to last issue's packed-with-pages second anniversary celebration was, not surprisingly, complimentary. However, many did comment on the issue's scatalogical tone as well, which, contrary to however overwhelming the evidence may suggest otherwise, was totally accidental.

To recap, though, you had four pages of all things penile, boogers and vomit references in the Chuck E. Cheese stories, that pizza story in "Return of Fast Food Horrors" that we'd all like to put behind us now (thank you very much), feces-tossing and masturbating baboons a'plenty in Ken Davis' trip to the zoo and, finally, the **HITCH** Comics section sported no less than four instances.

Freud would be proud.

✪ ✪ ✪

Surgery Fun Fact #1: Either the IV bag o' minerals or the milky-white anesthesia (or a combination of both) makes your urine smell horrid for hours following surgery.

✪ ✪ ✪

The **HITCH** Revolution continues unabated, in full force. Two giant leaps: **HITCH** is slated to be featured and excerpted in *two* big books being released this coming spring, both of them zine anthologies: R. Seth Friedman's *The Factsheet 5 Zine Reader* and Chip Rowe's *The Zine Reader*.

While it's too early to tell you exactly which pieces will be reprinted, we can tell you that we're getting paid (*yes!*).

Meanwhile, our own beloved Bob Clipson is making waves with his never-before-seen two-page spread ("Fighting Corporate America with Mr. Clipson") in the second Atomic Books catalog (available for $3, see ad for address).

✪ ✪ ✪

Surgery Fun Fact #2: Ah, Percocet. Sweet, sweet Percocet flowing through my veins. Percocet is a godsend.

✪ ✪ ✪

Two prime **HITCH** interview to "The ErecAid Acrid Test" was "Oh my God...what tha...holy...WOW!" Although I am unable to anatomically comprehend the true nature of this pump torture, my next reaction was "ow, ow, ow, OUCH!"

Third and finally, let me get this "straight." You and Ryun were frightened and repulsed by a *video* of a throbbing, veiny member? Now think of all the pleasurable sex acts you've enjoyed and imagine it from the female perspective. I eagerly await the ErecAid infomercial.

Saw where that Twain chick had to own up that she's not biologically Native American. Malena rules! Uncover more dirt on C&W celebs ("It's Not Just Their Hits That Are Big," **HITCH** 9) – I love it! Didja see her boob-poppin' outfit at the C&W awards? Yowza! But as long as people buy her crap, can you really blame her?

Jamie Munn
Ogden, UT

Rod,

I loved the penis pump article. "The Eagles Must Die" was right on the mark, too.

Scott Huffines
Baltimore, MD

Rod–

Finally sat down with enough time to thoroughly devour latest **HITCH**. Especially enjoyed the erection vacuum therapy story – obviously, your strongest selling point is this type of informal and hysterical investigative reporting. Great work!

I've been to one too many birthday parties at Chuck E. Cheese's, and it reminds me of a time in Chapel Hill, N.C. when I overdosed once on LSD.

John Scariano
Albuquerque, NM

A SUDDEN SURGE IN CRISPIN MANIA

Rod,

I was thrilled to discover news about your publication on Netscape. I am a big fan of Crispin Glover and was wondering if you could give me information about retrieving/ordering the issue in which he appears. I am a grad student at NYU in Cinema Studies and am doing an independent study of Crispin.

Charlotte Butzin
New York City, NY

Crispin was immortalized in **HITCH** *7's "The Real Crispin Glover...Up Close and Scary," by Jamie Munn. You can get it by sending me some Georges.*

Hey,

You're cute ("Brief Encounter," **HITCH** 9)!

But where's the Crispin Glover article? I did a search on "Crispin Glover," and your site came up. I was sure that somebody out there would have a Crispin Glover page, but there isn't one! Maybe there's a mention of him in connection with movies, though. Did you do the interview? Is he really scary? He's been in some great movies (I'm a movie buff extraordinaire!).

Anyway, my compliments to you for asking Adam West if the batpole chafed ("Two Minutes of Batchat with Adam West," **HITCH** 11)...that was *great!*

P.S.: After reading "Fast Food Horrors!" (**HITCH** 8), I don't think I want to eat in restaurants anymore.

Dianne Dorsey
Address Unknown

Dear Mr. Rod Lott at **HITCH**!

Hello from Australia. My name is Melody (not Peter – that's my pa). I found **HITCH** on the web and was really interested in getting hold of a paper copy, particularly for the info on Crispin Glover.

I'm just not sure that you'd be at all willing to post over to Australia. I'd be so happy if you just sent me a quick message informing me if it is possible. Of course, I'm willing to pay a bit more for the postage because **HITCH** sounds so right for me. Thanks.

Melody Willis
Sydney, Australia

Mr. Lott,

Outstanding web site. I am a big Crispin Glover fan and noticed that an article or interview appeared in your zine where you "probed" his mind. Would you be willing to send that article over to me to download and enjoy? I would eternally be at your mercy.

Don Trombano
Address Unknown

EROTIC THRILLER CENTRAL

Mr. Lott:

The "Tweed-O-Matic" (**HITCH** 10) is too funny. I do happen to like Shannon Tweed as an "actress" – she does have a certain presence. Did you see her in *Cannibal Women in the Avocado Jungle of Death*?

Anyways, I like your sensibilities. How come there hasn't been a movie with both Shannons (Tweed and Whirry) in it? Think of the possibilities.

Michael Maynard
Address Unknown

Dear Mr. Lott,

I would be glad if you could give me some information about Shannon Whirry. Does she have a fan club? Where can I get magazines with photo layouts with Shannon Whirry? Please answer me if it is possible for you.

Andreas Zeitz
Germany

No.

THE GREAT JOE ROGERS DEBATE

Rod,

HITCH 12: Great magazine. I really like it, except for that mailbag section. Who are these people? First off, there's that Darrell Patterson guy who obviously has a personal vendetta against you with his "How come Malena hangs out with you" crap. Boy...get a life. Then there's Joe "My one hook is that I'm from Canada" Rogers. You let a guy ramble on and on and on about his travels and travails in that frosty annex of Minnesota and all of a sudden he's Mister Criticism! "You have too many movie reviews," he whines. What's the matter? Don't you have movies up there in loonieland? Eh? Oh, yeah, and my girlfriend Michelle says, "He's a dork because he called me a mate just because I went in the bedroom and danced to 'Purple Rain' with some other female-type people."

Other than that, keep up the good work. By the way, I want something done about the fact that my name appeared last in this issue's contributors' list. You need a few good writers whose names begin with a letter after "P."

Ryun Patterson
Norman, OK

Rollie,

HITCH 12: Another exceptionally entertaining issue and phat to boot! I'm unsure as to the motivation of putting all those cartoons in the back at such a large reproduction size – you're wasting space! More movie reviews!

To Catch a Yeti is the funniest review I've ever read in my life. (I read it every day. It's temporally defiant fun.) A "must-see," as they say in Fancy Town. Have you seen the second-rate ape release *Born to be Wild*? It's the funniest goddamn movie in the world.

I especially enjoyed "The Eagles Must Die," though from the cover slug, I thought it was a reference to our national bird, you eco-slut. "Notes from **HITCH**fest '95" was really hilarious, especially the part where he made fun of Jamie "Brigham" Munn. The "**HITCH** Paparazzi" page was also well-done, as clip art *does* in fact imitate life, and I was wondering if that applies to page 10 ("The ErecAid Acrid Test") and *you* in reference to phallic prominence.

Taylor Holland
Austin, TX

THE USUAL

Hey,

Have you put out a book? I was just laughing my ass off reading your article in the new Atomic Books catalog ("Fighting Corporate America with Mr. Clipson") when my housemate swore you had a book out of your adventures with corporate America; obviously, she was mistaken.

I do hope you publish one soon. That article is a scream. You are a genius. Thanks for the laugh.

R.A. Roughton
Address Unknown

Rod,

Enclosed is a check for a subscription to **HITCH**. I sent off for issue 7, which I received promptly. While reading it, I found issue 11 at Bookstop. Both issues were great, so sign me up for the next six. Also, do you have back issues for sale?

Erik Nelson
Houston, TX

As it stands now, we are sold out of issues 1, 2, 5 and 6. A few remain of 3 and 4, but we've got plenty of 7-12.

Hey,

HITCH 8 was fucking funny as hell. Enclosed is an hour of minimum wage. Please send another to...

Johnny W.
Lufkin, TX

Hey,

I read about your magazine in *Factsheet 5*. I would like to start out by getting some back issues. I am enclosing a check for $14 for four back issues.

Judith Mielke
Wichita, KS

Mr. Lott,

Please send me a copy of **HITCH** as reviewed in *Shock Cinema*. Enclosed is a check. Thanks.

Tom Stockman
Kirkwood, MO

Dear Rod,

Enclosed is a check for a subscription to your fine publication, **HITCH**. I've read many reviews about it in *Factsheet 5* and have visited your amusing web page. Thanks for the laughs.

Alex Hinton
Los Angeles, CA

HITCH–

I picked up an issue of your zine (**HITCH** 10) at the local Barnes & Noble, and it had a lot of good stuff in it that I identified with. The JFK conspiracy article ("It's a He-man Adventure Locked Inside a Riddle, Trapped Inside an Enigma!") and "Johnnie Cochran's Puzzle Corner" were great, as was the review of the *Real Life Giant Construction Equipment for Kids* video.

Ski Mask
Kenmore, NY

opportunities that sadly slipped away – and only because I didn't find out about them being in town until they were looong gone – Bruce Campbell and Willie Aames.

Hard to tell which would have been better. Bruce is our hero, a man's man, a cool guy. But I mean, c'mon, *Willie Aames!*

✪ ✪ ✪

Surgery Fun Fact #3: Percocet.

✪ ✪ ✪

There's Gonna Be an Earthquake Tonight...

Sidelined by the intense research it took to write the article, I had intended to preface the "Eagles Must Die" sidebar "The Eagles as Harbingers of Doom" with a particularly apt and astute lyric from singer/songwriter /guitarist/cynic extraordinarie John Hiatt. But I plum forgot. ("Plum" is a word Okies use on occasion, and I say it only because Ryun Patterson was perturbed by former Okie Joe Rogers' use of the word "cotton" as a verb in the last issue.)

So here it is, from the song "Shredding the Document," track no. 10 on Hiatt's stellar 1995 release *Walk On*: "All rumor and innuendo / An Eagles reunion / The 20th century's closing / It's closing in on me."

Just about says it all, doesn't it? I mean, do you all *realize* just how *huge* of an influence these guys have on the world? Not even Nostradamus was able to predict the evil that the psuedo-hip, hippie-rock band would unleash on an unsuspecting world over a seamless period just shy of a decade. As history showed – and ignored – within one week of the peak of nearly every one of their Top 40 hits came a cataclysmic tragedy, whether it be in the form of a natural disaster, political upheaval *or* senseless bloodshed.

Who would've though that, at the time, *Billboard* served as an almanac for impending global ruin? That the vocal stylings of Don Henley harnessed enough power to induce such grave adversity? That the very Earth's well-being could be reduced to a catastrophic cesspool of calamity and blight with one lone chours of "I Can't Tell You Why"?

Dear Rod,

HITCH is always a hoot, but we especially enjoyed "Federally Funded Fun Facts" in **HITCH** 9.

Kim Perkins
Miami Beach, FL

Rod,

Thanks for doing such a great zine. Nice to know that there are some people in the world with a good sarcastic sense of humor.

Jason Morse
Seattle, WA

Rod,

Just read **HITCH** 12 and it was great. I'm enclosing a check for the next four issues. Any back issues available?

Michael Bitonti
St. Clair, MO

Hey!

Please tell me where the solution to your online crossword puzzle is! I have nothing better to do at work than crosswords anyway. I am probably stumped on the easiest ones. I always am. By the way, loved the articles!

LaDawn Rogers
Bowling Green, KY

Dear Rod,

I am enjoying the hell out of **HITCH**. Man, you've got *cojones* (whatever that means). Don't you *want* to work in Hollywood?

I thought you liked the Eagles. Your exegesis (whatever that means) unlocked repressed truths. I still like Steely Dan. Do I need more help?

Randy Stark
Santa Barbara, CA

Dear Randy: Very much so.

AMAZED AT MY SIZE

Rod,

Wow, 72 pages! As I get fatter, so does my favorite zine. Coincidence? No such thing! Like the wings of a butterfly, my tummy flaps in the wind and the repercussions are felt 'round the world.

Regardless, **HITCH** 12 looks to be yet another work of art.

Actually, I've only had the zine in my hands for 10 minutes, so I've not yet read beyond the letters and Mr. Clipson's always fine contribution. I will comment more later (or maybe I won't).

Paul Kazee
New York City, NY

Rod–

I can't believe that you didn't get enough orders to print the Hasselgoof T-shirt! What's up with you **HITCH** readers anyways? It was cool – you should have *needed* to order it. Please extend my sub. I think I'm running low, although I'm not sure 'cause there's no "number of issues remaining" type thing on the mailing label – do something about that, will ya, Rod-man? (Hyphen in there so no one confuses you with Dennis Rodman. You're welcome.)

Sucks that you won't be publishing more frequently, but if you keep putting out really fucking *great* ones like **HITCH** 12, I guess I can live with it.

Jeff Zinger
Woodstock, Ontario
Canada

Hi Rod!

Wow...**HITCH** 12 was huge! What a welcome return. I think the Bigfoot write-up ("**HITCH** Vox Populi") was my favorite, but all the small, little pieces made me crack up! "Decision '96: Hair Apparent," for one. Great job, honestly.

Todd Lesser
Reisterstown, MD

FROM THE "SAY WHAT?" DEPARTMENT

Rod:

Since it snowed here as recently as nine days ago, there is very little to do except wait for the next issue of **HITCH**. My students, the more mature ones, are getting anxious as well as I. How about it? Pony Express not make it through? Don't make me call my cousin Vinnie from Chicago.

It is my suspicion that the latest issue was swept away in one of the tornadoes I see on the movie screen. Or is it that the CIA has confiscated your latest efforts? Either way, Vinnie is beginning to get itchy.

Darrell Patterson
Algoma, WI

Rod,

I saw a review in *Factsheet 5* and wrote an article explaining about your magazine, so you may receive some bizarre computer types of people ordering what appears to be your creative bizarre zine!

Please send me a copy of **HITCH** 5. I'm enclosing $3.50 and can't wait!

Frank D'Urso
Somerville, MA

Greetings, Rod,

I read about your zine in *Factsheet 5*. It sounds like interesting reading. I was in Oklahoma City once years ago when visiting a friend who lived in Norman. I don't remember much about it. I think we visited some kind of military or weapons museum. Just something strange along the read.

Hey, home of the Flaming Lips – alright. Your most (almost) famous musical export.

Please send me a copy of **HITCH** 1 if it is still available. Thank you. Bye-bye.

David Blanar
Doylestown, OH

RLott:

Loved your article on your visit to Dallas. However, I am more interested in the cookies, as I know as much about the broken cookies as you know about the JFK assassination and the critics of the official version. However, the cookies and the official version have much in common: They are both broken.

Joanne Trabucco
Address Unknown

Yes, Joanne, I'd have to ag – huh???

Rod:

More Jamie Munn articles! More Munn is good Munn!

Great mag. As soon as I get my student loan money for fall, I will subscribe.

Clay Carver
Ogden, UT

Hi Rod–

We wish aliens were absurd, but they're real. The absurdity is that we are not told the Truth of their existence by the government. But then, maybe they can't figure out the Truth about anything...especially that.

Please help spread the Word if you can. Many thanks. With massive gratitude,

V2
Stanwood, WA

Um-kay.

LETTERS O' THE MONTH

Rod,

I recently picked up **HITCH** 11 at Tower Records. Then I put it down. Then I picked it up. Put it down. Up. Finally, I bought the damn thing, took it home and read it cover to cover. Guess what? It was *almost* as much fun as getting blown on a ferris wheel.

Your Blockbuster ("Ballbuster" is more apt) article ("I Was a Whore for Blockbuster Video") was the highlight. In my area, corporate chains like Blockbuster have effectively rendered any "mom and pop" stores null and void. Small store owners can't possibly compete with large chains which have 500 copies of Hollywood swill like *Forrest Gump* or *Apollo 13*. A friend of mine worked at a Blockbuster (before coming to his senses and bitch-slapping his slave-owning boss) and said they treated their employees like cattle. Kee-rist! They don't even rent adult flicks!

My girlfriend agrees with Malena on Kevin Sorbo's *Hercules* ("Cool Herc"). She says he's hotter than a Mexican's lunch. I prefer Lou Ferrigno's brain-damaged interpretation. His film should have been called *Jerkules*. It's fall-down funny watching him wrestle an Italian extra in a bear suit. In some scenes, you can spot Lou's hearing aid!

I'd like to read some of your back issues, especially that piece on *Planet of the Apes* ("Still Dirty, Still Damned," **HITCH** 7). I

remember sitting through "Go Ape for a Day" – all five *Apes* flicks – and nearly went apeshit myself.

Mike Accomando
Fairview, NJ

Rod,

I make a trip to Atomic Books here in grand ol' Baltimore about once every two to three weeks and go through my usual routine of flipping through and scanning all zines, books, mags, etc., until something catches my eye. Ah, yes, I am admittedly guilty of giving your publication a quick "once through," then back to the shelf ya go.

But alas, what is this I spy with my little eye? A sleigh with eight tiny reindeer? Fuck no! Kevin Sorbo – men of men! Hook, line and sinker...I'm all yours. I feared this would be 43 pages of crap written around a few cheezies of "the Sorbo." No, no, my friend – to my relief, your text is entertaining and your humor is actually funny. Like it or not, we have a duty and obligation to keep the show alive. True, there will be a stupid episode every now and then, but remember, Kevin Sorbo *is* Hercules, and that's all he needs to be.

I fear that this show may end up in the trash along with *The Adventures of Brisco County Jr.* and that *Dungeons & Dragons* cartoon. Those who are lucky or blessed have had the rays of heaven beam down and show upon their television the rerun of *The Commish* episode guest-starring Kevin Sorbo.

You are the few, the proud, for I, too, have seen the light. Bless your little heart, Malena.

Matt Pearce
Fork, MD

Roderick,

I was wondering: Do you still have copies of the **HITCH** with Chuck E. Cheese on the cover? Mine was stolen (yes, be flattered) and, because I think it was the best (and thickest) issue in a long while, I'd like to order a replacement.

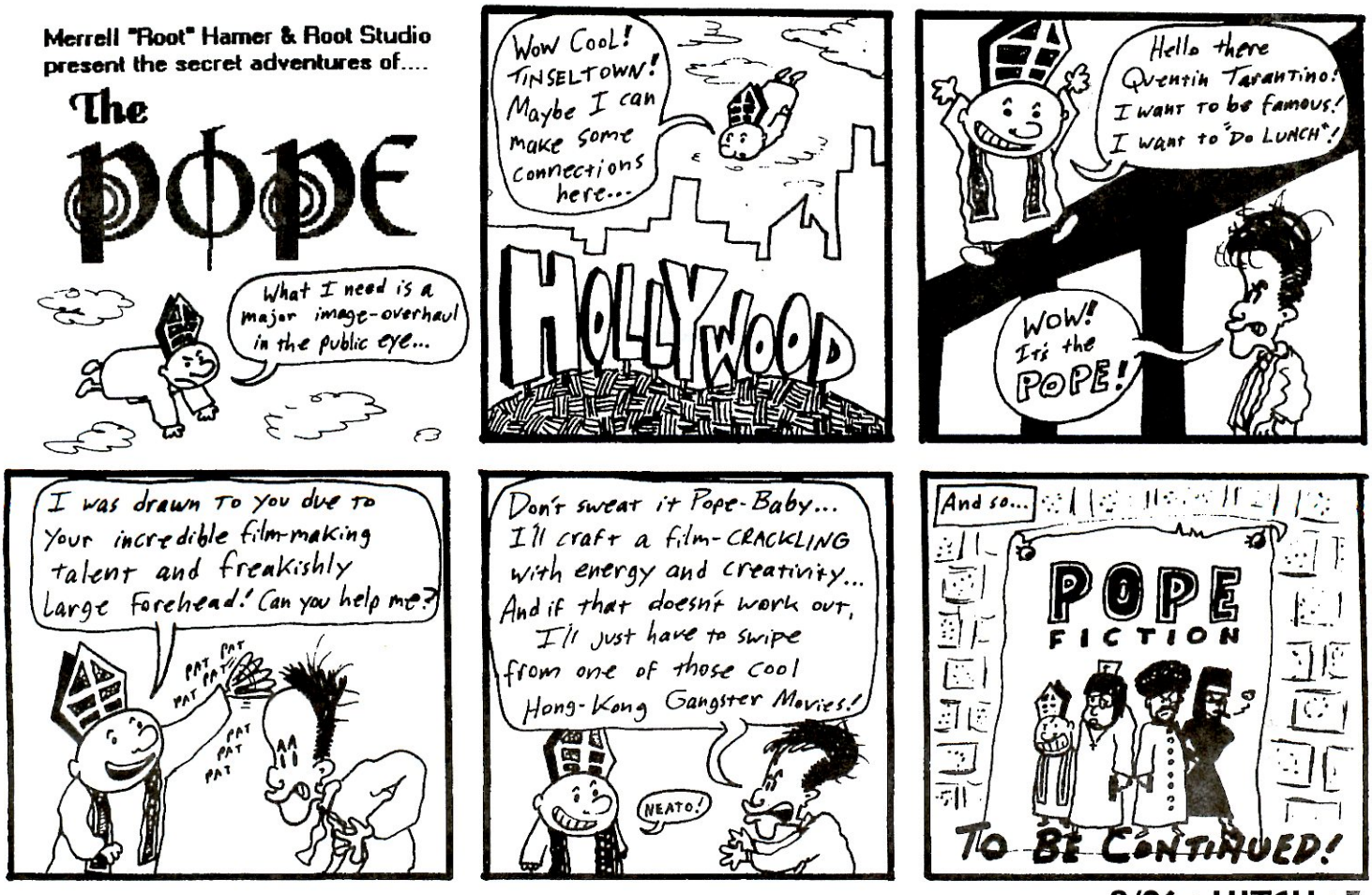
Omar Gallaga
Norman, OK

Ryun has informed me of your continued problems with holding on to **HITCH***s. Yes, I still have some of the new, nice n' thick* **HITCH** *12. But Omar, someday you may not be so lucky. Yes, someday, years down the line, when you receive* **HITCH** *43 in the mail and carelessly leave it on the kitchen table, lil' Omar Jr. will barf on it while Mrs. Omar is feeding him his Gerber breakfast, and you will come to me, asking, "Rod, oh Rod, do you hath anymore of* **HITCH** *43?" And I will say, "No, Omar, no. There comes a time when you need to be taught...a lesson." You will cry. Oh, I will still be a friend and pat you on the back, yet I will give you no* **HITCH** *43.*

ORDER FORM

- ☐ **Twister Brick** — *$25 + $7 postage & handling*
- ☐ **Twister Tee Shirt** — *$15 + $3 postage & handling*
- ☐ **Twister Special Edition Newspaper** — *$5*
- ☐ **Twister Postal Cancellation Envelope** — *$2 + $1 postage & handling*
- ☐ **Twister Baby Brick** — *$2*
- ☐ **Twister Debris** — *$2*
- ☐ **Twister Post Cards** — *$2.50 Set of 2*

"Twister" Museum
P.O. Box 285
Wakita, OK 73771
No COD's
Allow 6-8 Weeks For Delivery


Merrell "Root" Hamer & Root Studio present the secret adventures of....
The POPE
What I need is a major image-overhaul in the public eye...
Wow Cool! TINSELTOWN! Maybe I can make some connections here...
HOLLYWOOD
Hello there Quentin Tarantino! I want to be famous! I want to "Do Lunch"!
WOW! It's the POPE!
I was drawn to you due to your incredible film-making talent and freakishly large forehead! Can you help me?
PAT PAT PAT PAT PAT PAT PAT
Don't sweat it Pope-Baby... I'll craft a film-CRACKLING with energy and creativity... And if that doesn't work out, I'll just have to swipe from one of those cool Hong-Kong Gangster Movies!
NEATO!
And so...
POPE FICTION
TO BE CONTINUED!

A HE-MAN ADVENTURE

Twister Blister

By Rod Lott

Twister, Steven Spielberg's "roof-ripping, cow-tossing, silo-pulverising E-ticket" of a tornado movie (as it has been called), has all but demolished the competition in the Race of the Summer Blockbusters (though the jury's still out on Shaquille O'Neal's *Kazaam*), having taken in a cool (at press time) $200 million.

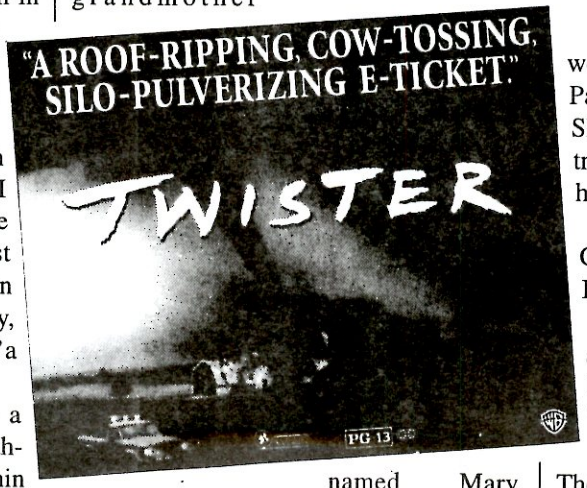
In comparison, the *Twister* Museum in Wakita, Okla. – where much of the movie was filmed – has probably grossed a total of about six or seven bucks.

On Memorial Day Weekend, with nothing better to do, my wife and I decided to embark on the 123.4-mile trek to what is likely the *only* tourist attraction *ever* to be based on a film in which the main character asks, "Honey, why don't you go get us a couple'a sodas?"

Wakita is a small, sleepy town – a whole lot of nothing surrounded by nothing. Numerous mobile homes sit within its boundaries, and even the residences that cannot be moved with a 4x4 look like mobile homes, too. Finding the street that lead to Downtown Wakita – if you could call it that – proved simple; it was the *only* street.

Downtown Wakita is comprised of the following, all fitting snug on two sides of the street: a Wakita Foodland, an insurance company, *The Wakita Herald*, the post office, the bank, a hardware store, a fire station, a seed store, The Dairy Shack, an antique store, many vacant buildings and the town's latest economic funnel...the *Twister* Museum. Actually, their pamphlets proclaim the true name to be "'Twister' (The Movie) Museum," so as not to confuse it with that crazy Milton Bradley game that is fun for all ages.

Prior to the museum, we stopped to lunch at The Dairy Shack, which is alternately called "Mary's Cafe," because it is owned by a friendly, cigarette-sucking grandmother named Mary. After we ordered a couple of greasy hamburgers, Mary asked, "Are y'all tourists today?"



"Yes," I answered, which was all the invitation she needed to begin chatting with us about all things *Twister*.

She led us to the back of the restaurant, which had been converted into an unofficial "*Twister* Room." On the walls were posted a call sheet, a photocopy of two pages of the script, snapshots of the movie-made destruction of the town, clippings from *USA Today* and an 8" x 10" autographed glossy of Bill Paxton.

"Everyone in this town has one of those," Mary said. As we came to learn, this town *worships* Bill Paxton...whereas Helen Hunt is thought of in no uncertain terms (though Wakitans will politely stop just shy of saying so) as a total bitch.

"Bill Paxton was real friendly and outgoing. He'd come in here all the time and talk to you," she said.

"And what about Helen Hunt?" I asked.

Mary paused, searching for the correct words. "Well, she...I'll put it this way: Bill Paxton is very outgoing, and she's not. She's a very private person and concentrates on her work. She never came in here; she ate the food they catered in."

The most reliable regular to Mary's Cafe, however, was director Jan De Bont.

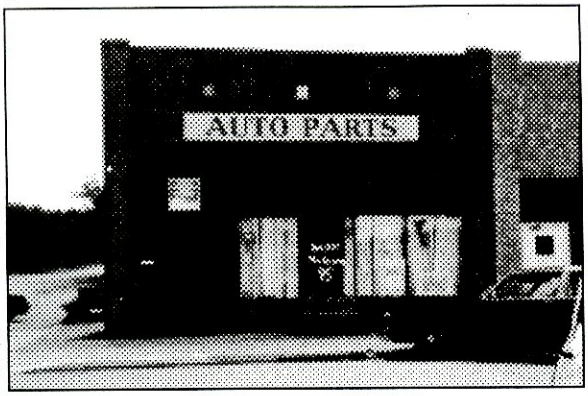
"I didn't even know who he was," admitted Mary, who still doesn't know his name. "They kept asking for veggie burgers and vegetable plates – that was the first time I'd heard of such a thing. They never wanted anything from the menu. He kept telling me he was from Scotland or somewhere and I said I didn't care, and he said, 'What's the matter with you? Haven't you seen *Speed*?' and I said, 'I don't go to movies!' We don't have movies here. If I want to see something, I have to wait until it comes out on video. And even then, I may forget about it; I can't even remember my grandkids' names most of the time. So I told him, 'Listen, you do your job, and I'll do mine.'

"There was also this one short guy who came in often. I didn't recognize him but he said he was in *Home Alone 2*. Like I

said, I don't see movies, but I think he was one of the evil guys," Mary said. Unless I missed a cameo by Joe Pesci as a chunk of flying debris, I haven't the slightest idea to whom she's referring.

One fateful day, Jan brought producer Spielberg, who was visiting the set.

Even though Mary's Cafe is not usually open on Sundays, she did so to accommodate the cast and crew.



Never you mind the confusing "Auto Parts" sign – this *is* the *Twister* Museum!

Spielberg, however, made everyone else but his elfin Dutch loon of a director leave the premises before he would eat.

"He didn't want to be bothered, I guess," said Mary (or, as I like to call her, la femme Wakita, in a reference she's sure not to get). "He was real short and had this scruffy beard. He didn't talk, and I didn't say anything to him."

Then she started talking about the facades the crew built on the existing buildings (she pronounced them "facids"), but I, needing to urinate from the long drive (not to mention the 20-ounce RC Cola I had consumed on the way), cut Mary short to use the facilities.

There, it was heartening to see that even though Mary had been exposed to a few weeks of hanging with Hollywood royalty, it didn't prevent her from shunning her roots and taking down the yellowed sheet of paper over the stool that instructed, "Please do not flush sanitary napkins down the toilet!"

After eating, we walked across the street to the *Twister* Museum, 101 W. Main. It sits in an old building used by the crew as the location office, art department and prop storage. The front was dressed up to resemble an auto parts store, and remains that way. Only the piece of posterboard taped to the front window lets you know you're at the right place.

Admission is 75 cents, though there was no person there to take your money – just a jar on a card table marked "DONATIONS."

The museum is more of a giant photo album than a museum. There are a few props, most of which were taken from "Aunt Meg's house." (Everyone here drops the name "Aunt Meg" as if she were real.) Most notable is a director's chair, presumably the same one that Mr. De Bont sat in before *and* after he pushed a camera assistant into the mud in one of his infantile, little-weenie-compensatory tantrums to which Hollywood directors are oft prone.

In addition, there are two framed one-sheets, a bound copy of the Michael Crichton screenplay, a video loop of amateur-shot footage of cranes dropping Cadillacs in the street and a wall on which all the Wakitans who served as extras have signed.

And there are pictures. *Lots* and *lots* of pictures. For me, the whole thing was worth the two-hour drive, but I feel mighty sorry for those visitors who have come from both coasts to see the setup. (And there's a map filled with pins just to show you from where all the unlucky bastards have traveled.)

The difference between the *Twister* Museum and a real museum is that real museums have tour guides that can walk you through each exhibit and spit out detailed histories and answer arcane inquiries. At the *Twister* Museum, however, you're free to roam both rooms at a leisurely pace without any pesky explanations.

Besides, the curator (whose name has escaped me, but she looked like Yoda) has done her best at typing out captions for everything and affixing them to the walls with tabs of Scotch tape.

What you *will* get talked to about, though, is the spacious gift area. At first, I thought the souvenirs might consist solely of jelly jars with spoons poked through the lids so you could stir real fast to create your own cyclone in the comfort of your own home. But I was wrong; the *Twister* Museum is a high-tech operation – instead they sell battery-operated cylinders that accomplish the recreation of nature's fenced fury.

They have pieces of debris glued to an index card (for authentication purposes)

CHIT CHAT with...

Gary England, long a superstar in the state of Oklahoma as KWTV-9's weatherman of choice, now finds himself (and his catchphrase "Stay with TV-9, we'll keep you advised") seen by millions as a result of his fierce and demanding role as "Weatherman #1" in *Twister*.

Luckily, he plays himself. However, the movie does not tell you about Gary's pig Spike, which he takes to the State Fair just about every year. The movie also does not allow Gary to utter his infamous "jump back in the big town" line, which still doesn't make a lick of sense to me after all these years.

It does, however, allow him to talk about that which he knows best: the weather. **HITCH** surveyed this big-shot TV guy who gets paid to watch it hail about a few weather matters. As you will gather from his responses, the man is a total loon.

HITCH: Please briefly describe your weather-watching equipment.

England: Somewhat attractive, but a bit cold to the touch.

HITCH: What makes yours the best?

England: They run faster and jump tall buildings.

HITCH: NEXRAD sounds like a communicable disease. What are some other weather terms you find amusing and why?

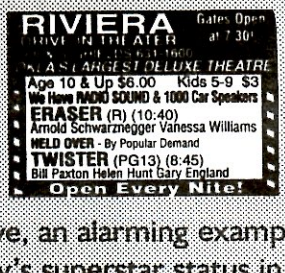
England: Meteorologist. Just watch TV and you will know.

HITCH: Please relate a wacky tornado anecdote.

England: A tornado hit a farm. The farmer had taken shelter in the chicken pen. When it was over, he was about 50 yards down the road. He thought something terrible had happened to him. When checking for the problem, he found two chickens in his shorts!

HITCH: What do humidity and electrical storms do to your hair?

England: (refused to answer)


RIVIERA
Gates Open
LARGEST DELUXE THEATRE
Age 10 & Up $6.00 Kids 5-9 $3
We Have DIGITAL SOUND & 1000 Car Speakers
ERASER (R) (10:40)
Arnold Schwarzenegger Vanessa Williams
HELD OVER - By Popular Demand
TWISTER (PG13) (8:45)
Bill Paxton Helen Hunt Gary England
Open Every Nite!

Above, an alarming example of Gary's superstar status in the Sooner state

that'll cost you only $2. A *Twister* postal cancellation envelope also goes for the same price. T-shirts are $15; they have an outline of Oklahoma with the word "Twister" written across it in the same cursive font you usually see on the outside of rack and pinion shops.

The big-ticket item is the *Twister* brick. This is an *actual* red brick with the words "WAKITA TWISTER 1995" painstakingly engraved in one side. Those run $25 apiece (plus $7 S&H). So that you may feel special (and for that kind of dough, you darn well should), each brick is individually numbered, and each owner's name is recorded in a spiral notebook for history's sake.

Remember the pivotal "Aunt Meg's house falls down" scene? They did it here.

In case you were wondering, as the curator is proud to point out, Brick No. 1 is being reserved for Bill Paxton in case he wins the Academy Award for his brave, taut, groundbreaking portrayal of a storm chaser who can predict the whereabouts of a funnel touchdown simply by picking up a handful of dirt and dropping it. Hey, as I've surmised, if the Wakitans can have the biggest motion picture of the year filmed in their town, the prospect of a Paxton Oscar victory probably doesn't seem all that far-fetched to them. To outsiders, however, such a statement is as likely to come true as is this one: Men from Mars have landed!

I hadn't the heart to inform them that Paxton's role as Chet in 1985's *Weird Science* automatically excludes him from ever winning an Oscar, as does the scene in 1991's *The Dark Backward*, in which he strips naked and "goes to town" with a bed full of fat women.

The gangly, curiously mustachioed guy manning the register had nothing but praises for His Highness Paxton.

"See that picture over there of him in the blue with the football?" the man pointed. "If he wasn't filming, he'd be off tossing that ball with the kids or anyone else who would play with him. He was just as friendly as he could be. 'Course, he's a Texan.

"Then see that picture next to it of those gals around him? They were sitting in front of the Foodland one day looking at him, and he noticed and told them to come on over and they got their picture taken with him.

"Then below that, there's one of Helen Hunt on the stairs, and well...that's about as close as we ever got to her."

Wanting some dirt, I remarked, "Yeah, I heard she's real mean."

"Well, she was...*intense*," he trailed. "Y'know, maybe she's just not used to this kind of place, especially in the summer. It was very hot and she was frustrated by the mosquitoes and gnats. She's from New York, I think. They said she'd be real open to signing autographs and talking with us, but...she wasn't. She lived in a house over here in Ponca City, so we never got to see her."

(Prior to my visit, well-placed sources had told me that Hunt also shunned her Ponca City neighbors during her brief stay there. Those that brought her food as gracious signs of hospitality were greeted at the door not with a "thank you" or an invite inside, but two hands scooping their offerings inside, followed quickly by a slam of the door. Anyone think of poisoning a meal to teach this "Must See TV" bitch a lesson?)

This stretch of road comprises the compelling "walking tour" for Twisterites.

"But the biggest problem I think we had with them all," gangly man reasoned, "is that with Mary's Cafe over here, they all wanted veggie burgers."

Yoda encouraged us to leave donations. "We'd be happy to accept anything you've got," she said. "We're operating on a shoestring budget here."

While that may be true, everyone in the museum – and there were *plenty* – lined up to buy something.

After a bit more browsing, we left the premises to take a walking tour of the town, where the locals have *installed* pedestals on 14 lots seen in the movie. At each numbered pedestal are before-and-after photographs. These pictures have been faded to near white from prolonged exposure to the sun, of course, but hey, they tried.

If you go on the walking tour, be sure to wear shoes similar to those of Dr. Frankenstein's monster, because a majority of the pedestals sit in the middle of huge, muddy sinkholes.

Also, take caution of the elderly people sitting on their porches, as many of the pedestals sit in their front yards. As they sip their iced teas, try not to give them a case of the willies.

Before heading back home, I shelled out $3.50 for *The Wakita Herald*'s commemorative edition on the making of the movie. To their journalistic credit, there are only about 20 errors on the front page. About half of it is ads, but there is a photo of Aunt Meg's dog Moz (real name: Bob) and one hell of a compelling tale about wrangling up chickens for the shoot, if you can get past all of the spelling, grammar and punctuation snafus.

The back page of the edition is devoted to cast and crew. Actually, the entire copy block is about Paxton, from his history ("His father's keen interest in art, books and travel left Paxton with a desire for knowledge that couldn't be satisfied locally") to his sensitive nature ("Paxton radiates optimism and shuns bitterness and that attitude keeps his disposition sunny"). In fact, according to the next paragraph, Paxton was so friendly that "he even shared his Absorbine Jr. in the battle against the area's buffalo gnats."

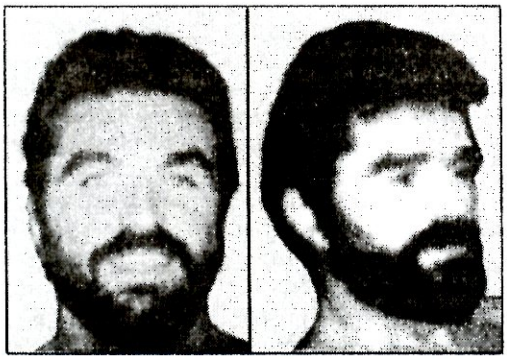
In a gesture that speaks volumes, there is not a single word about Helen Hunt. They are, in toned-down terms, not mad about her. **H**

WIN $$$!

The FBI's Fugitive of the Month

WANTED

For Interstate Flight / Armed Robbery



Patrick Michael Mitchell

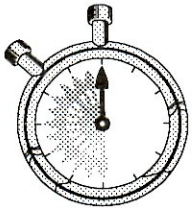
ALIAS: Richard Jordon Baird, Gary Stone, Gilbert Keyes, Richard Joseph Landry
DOB: 06 / 25 / 42
BIRTHPLACE: Ottawa, Ontario, Canada
HEIGHT / WEIGHT: 5'9", 165 lbs.
BUILD: muscular
HAIR: light brown
EYES: blue
COMPLEXION: fair
RACE: white
SOCIAL SECURITY: 436-72-7851, 436-72-7891
IDENTIFYING SCARS: scar between eyebrows, appendectomy scar, tattoo on upper left arm reading "Helen-Pat," cross tattoo on center of chest, tattoo of five dots on left thumb

Okay, despite the "muscular" build, this guy doesn't phase me, and for two main reasons: 1) before his life of crime, he was a salesman, and 2) he's about as old as my dad.

Patrick – or "Pattycakes," as I like to call him – has escaped from jail many, many times. Given that he looks like James Brolin, which would make fellow inmates take a shine to him, I don't blame him. If you've seen him, call FBI HQ at (202) 324-3000.

The Robert Goulet

DEATH WATCH



Approximately 25 years and 7 months remaining

Small Town Blotter

The following crimes were actually culled from the police report column of a newspaper of a to-remain-nameless town in the midwest United States.

Really.

THOSE CRAZY KIDS!

"Kids with water balloons were reported. An officer contacted the kids and destroyed the water balloons."

"Kids throwing water balloons were reported. The caller advised they broke on a woman's car and she will press charges."

"Some boys were throwing rocks at lights and at some little girls. An officer went to the location and advised the children not to throw rocks."

"Kids playing in a private driveway were reported. The complainant advised that the kids were hitting the garage door with a ball."

"Exhibition of acceleration was reported at the Senior Citizens Center. The caller advised that kids were doing donuts in the parking lot."

THOSE CRAZY TRANSIENTS!

"The burglary of a store was reported. Taken were several tobacco products, some soft drinks and sunglasses. The items were possibly taken by transients."

"Transients getting on a train were reported. An officer went to the location and removed the transients."

"Transients with a campfire were reported west of Welch's Elevator. The transients had just left the fire burning and the officer could not put it out with only a shovel."

"Transients were reported in the area. The caller advised that three subjects were going into people's yards and getting water."

"Transients were reported at the Cotton Belt Depot. The complainant advised that one subject was stealing wire from the yard."

THOSE CRAZY HISPANIC MALES!

"A caller stated that a Hispanic male hit his friend's car with his fist. The caller further advised that the subject was with a Hispanic family on bicycles."

"A suspicious person was reported. The caller advised that a Hispanic male was hiding behind a pick-up. The caller further stated that the man's pants were torn and he was dirty like he had been running."

THOSE CRAZY MARRIED FOLKS!

"Profanity was reported. The complainant advised that her ex-husband used profanity in front of the kids."

"There was a domestic disturbance reported. A man called and said his wife was on drugs and had his kids. The woman then called back and wanted her husband out of the house because he had gone crazy."

STATS

Arch De-sux

Now that the brohauhau brewing the arrival of McDonald's "adults only" sandwich, the Arch Deluxe, has died down, it's time to examine whether the millions in promotional dollars was worth it. And what a better random sample to survey than the fine men of **HITCH**?

Name	Tried Arch Deluxe	# w/Bacon?	Will You Pay for It?	What Will You Eat Instead?
Davis, Ken	Yes - 1x	1*	No	Taco Bell double decker
Holland, Taylor	No	--	No	Fries and apple pies
Hunt, Steve	No	--	No	Pies
Lott, Malena	Yes – 1x	0	No	Big Mac
Lott, Rod	Yes – 4x	4	No	McChicken sandwich
Rogers, Joe	No**	--	Nyet	Refused to answer

Thus, judging from this purely scientific results, it is safe to assume that McDonald's big ol' Arch Deluxe is a big ol' failure – a monumental marketing failure of the highest order. Not even the offer of extra Monopoly game pieces was enough to tempt the masses. McFish Fillet, anyone?

* "And I tasted it for a week."
** "Shit, no."

MORE Small Town Blotter

The following crimes were actually culled from the police report column of a newspaper of a to-remain-nameless town in the midwest United States.

Really.

"The caller advised that someone was messing with the screen on her air conditioner."

"A caller advised that traffic was going too fast down the street."

"A caller advised that some dogs were trying to bite his kids."

"There was a wire or something hanging down from the Highway 87 Underpass to the street at 10 a.m."

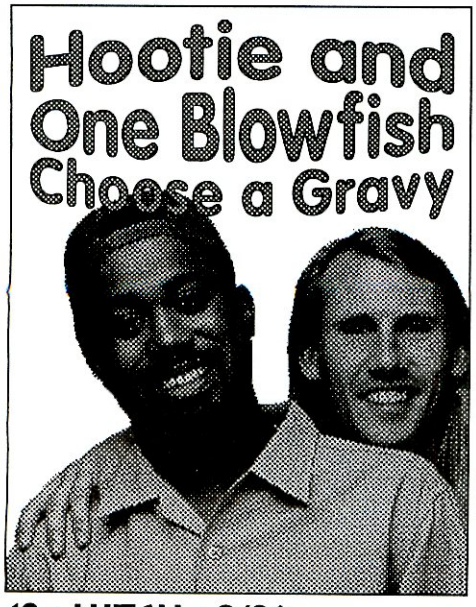
"It was reported that three subjects were walking down the alley and were throwing rocks at dogs in the backyards."

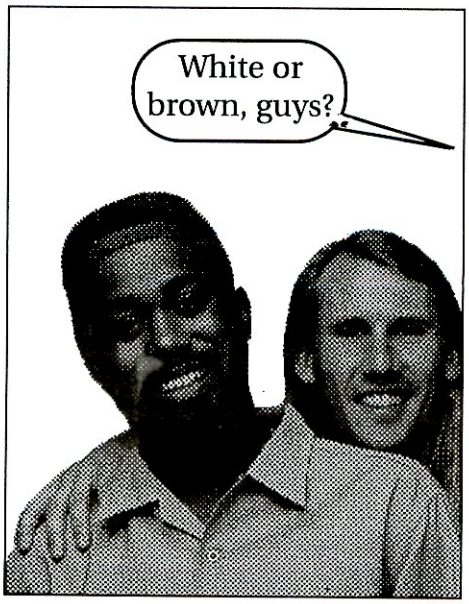
"A possible prowler was reported. An officer checked the area and discovered that the noises were caused by animals."

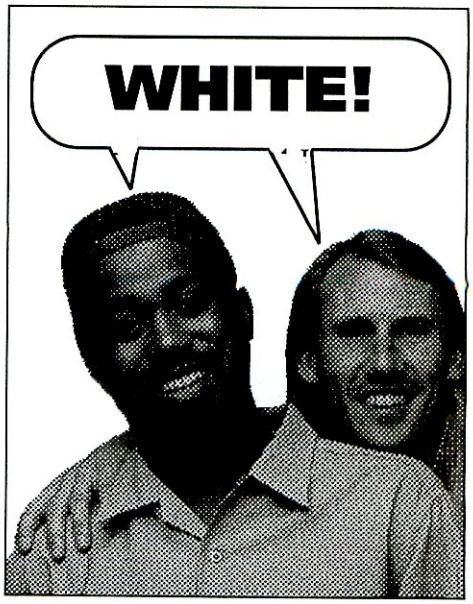
"Threats were reported at Food Mart. The clerk stated that a subject threatened him with violence when he was told he had to prepay before getting gasoline. The subject also threw his checkbook at the clerk."

"Someone shooting firecrackers was reported. Officers arrived in the area in time to see a 24-year-old man on the roof of a garage. He had a cigarette in his hand and had just lit a group of firecrackers. They went off with a multitude of bangs beside him."

"Vandalism was reported at the Band Hall. The caller advised that a trombone was destroyed."







PRBS

More News We Got, But Have No Idea Why

Clean 'n Sit™ Wipes Away Toilet Seat Phobia

A new product for women that takes the worry out of using public toilet seats has been developed by Practical Answers Inc. of Wilmington, Dela. The product, Clean 'n Sit™, is a handy, pretreated towelette that is used to wipe the toilet seat free of dirt and germs, and then dropped into the toilet and flushed away.

It was conceived by company president Kathleen Dynan to meet the special needs of women. "Most women, especially older women – and even a lot of men – worry about the cleanliness of public toilets, and will avoid them, if they can," Ms. Dynan said. "But when far from home, they just have no choice," Ms. Dynan noted. "I saw a real need for a practical solution to the problem of unsanitary toilet seats. Wiping the seat with toilet paper and using paper seat-covers just aren't the answer," Ms. Dynan added.

The Clean 'n Sit™ towelette is large – 8" x 10" – to eliminate concerns about touching the seat when wiping it. It is made of soft, but strong, fabric-based material and is premoistened with effective, quick-drying cleaning agents. Because it is flushable, disposal is easy and sanitary. Each towelette is individually packaged in a sealed, 2 3/8" x 3 1/2" foil packet that fits easily into a purse or pocket.

Consumers can get more information about Clean 'n Sit™, and place credit card orders for the product by calling Practical Answers at 800-KLEN-SIT (800-553-6748).

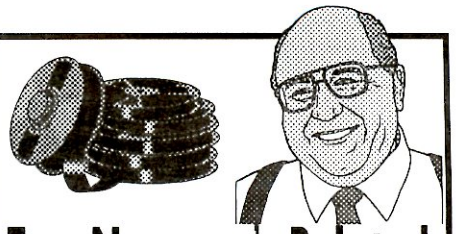
Coming Soon – KISS: The Movie

Mira Sorvino

Bill Pullman

Sandra Bullock

David Schwimmer



Tom Neesnan's Belated Movie Reviews

The Sword and the Sorcerer
(1982)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

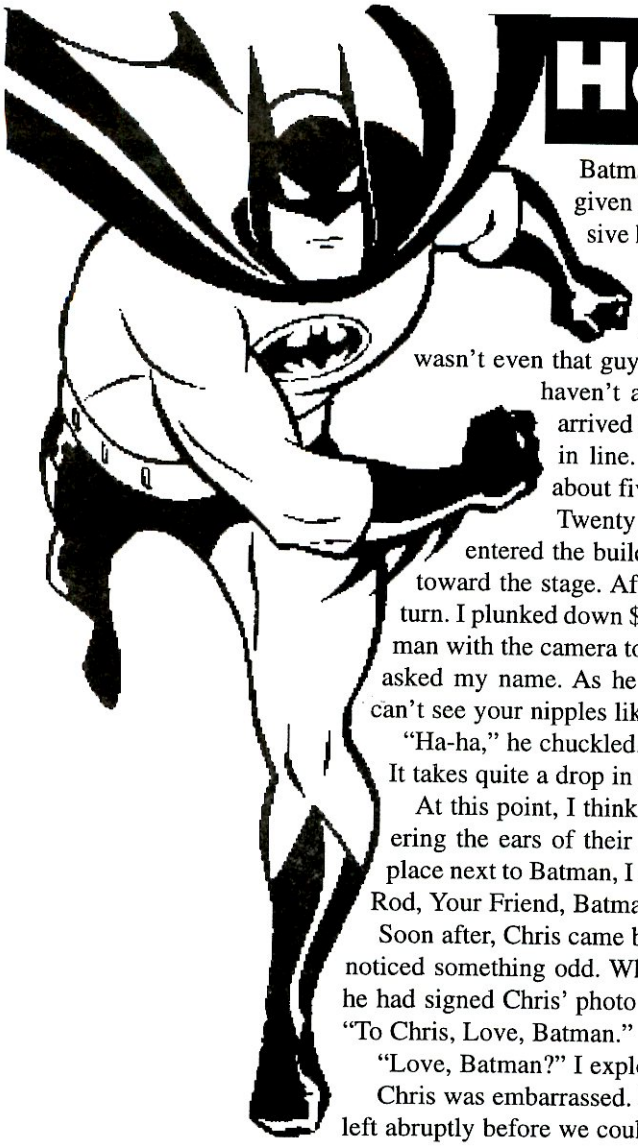
In a film of valiance and pride and swords like no other, *The Sword and the Sorcerer* is worth much, much more than the price of the ticket to get in to the film. In fact, when I got out of the picture, I asked the manager of the moviehouse what his policy was on letting folks like me give him more money after the film, for I felt I had cheated these fine actors so by paying the price of a normal film for an extraordinary swordsman picture!

Stir Crazy
(1980)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

This unprecedented film stir was crazy! The man from the *Billy Botha and the Chocolate Factory* movie stars with a new minority comedian that has fuzzy hair. In a memorable scene, the funny men dress in chicken uniforms and dance in a bank, only to get scolded for their comedic actions. I liked this film because of its content. See it, for it is really good.

Teen Wolf, Too!
(1987)
Rating: 9 1/2 out of 10

This film, starring the sibling rival of the fine actress from my favorite television program *Family Times*, was a cinematic acievement to say the least. Imagine, if you will, living the magical years of teenagerdom, suddenly to be transmogrified to a "frightening wolf!" That would definitely be odd, but if you see this motion picture, you will see how the actor handles this precarious situation, and how he handles it in a funny manner! Wolves are usually scary, but this wolf is a howlin' good pal! You should see this film soon, because it is excellent!



Holy Mash Note!

Batman was in town recently for a comic book and baseball card show. Having given up comic books and baseball cards well over a decade ago for more expensive hobbies, I have never been to such a show in my life. But I'd go for Batman.

Now this was not Adam West appearing as Batman, whom I've met already. Nor was it Michael Keaton, who abandoned the cape back in 1992. It wasn't even that asshole Val Kilmer or that Clooney guy, either. Hell, it wasn't even that guy who played him in the serial back in the '40s, whoever he was. In fact, I haven't a clue who was behind the mask, but it was Batman. Chris Henry and I arrived about 15 minutes prior to Batman's scheduled arrival, and took our places in line. We stood behind some short woman whose long black locks reeked of about five gallons worth of hairspray. The smell made Chris woozy.

Twenty minutes late, rumblings abound in the crowd that the Dark Knight had entered the building. Sure enough, the cowled one began making his way down the aisles toward the stage. After about five or six fat kids had their pictures taken with him, it was my turn. I plunked down $3 for a Polaroid, took my place next to the hulking superhero and the round man with the camera took the shot and handed the photo to Batman, who uncapped a Sharpie and asked my name. As he scribbled, I asked, "So how come we can't see your nipples like in the movie?"

"Ha-ha," he chuckled. "Because it's not cold enough in here. It takes quite a drop in temperature to get those to stand up."

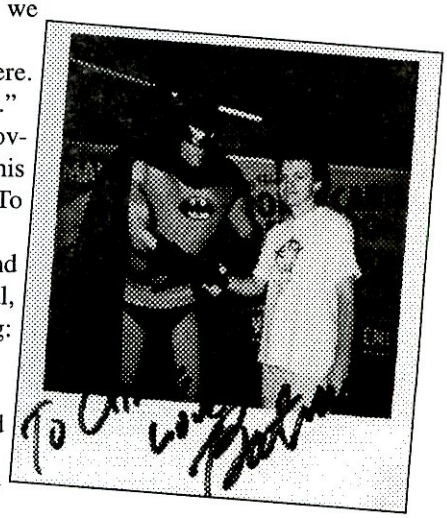
At this point, I think the moms behind us in line were covering the ears of their little darlings. As Chris then took his place next to Batman, I read the inscription on my picture: "To Rod, Your Friend, Batman."

Soon after, Chris came back with his photo. I took a look, and noticed something odd. Whereas Batman had deemed me a pal, he had signed Chris' photo with a...well, more personal closing: "To Chris, Love, Batman."

"Love, Batman?" I exploded. "Chris, Batman loves you!"

Chris was embarrassed. Batman had pulled a Val Kilmer and left abruptly before we could question him.

—Rod Lott



Campus Craziness

A HITCH Investigation

As stuck-up bitches across the country prepare to reconvene for their annual celebration of snobbery and discrimination – known popularly as "sorority rush" – we at **HITCH** offer the following cautionary tale of a fashion faux pas.

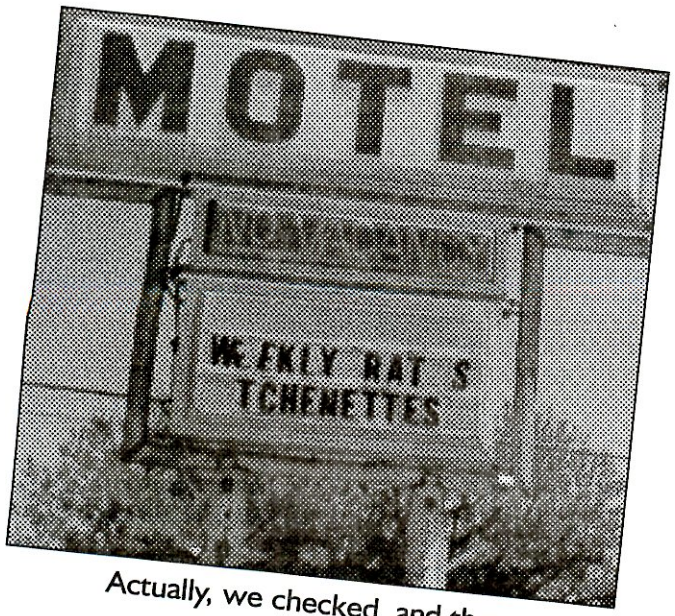
Shuffling through our weighty picture file, the lovely OU Theta in the middle of these two photos caught our eye. While we know her name not, we all agreed on her natural beauty and outstanding photogenics. And what a striking outfit, too – a black, low-cut number complemented by gold earrings and fake pearls the size of 50-cent jawbreakers.

So striking, in fact, that the ingenue has chosen to wear it not once, but twice. First, during Rush Week, then two months later at an OU-Texas party. Though we love the look (and wouldn't care how mnay times she elected to wear it), doesn't she know that wearing the same thing twice is a sorority no-no? And another thing: Why is she always in the middle? And we won't even mention the girl in the tiger get-up.

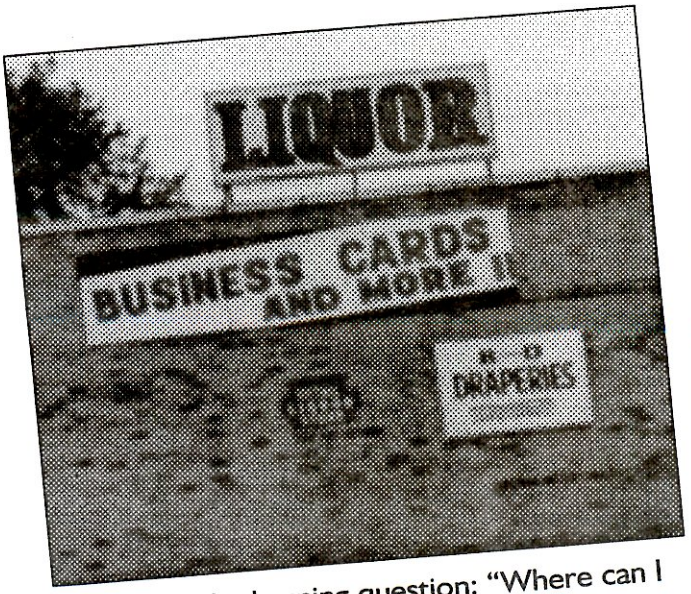
HITCH Paparazzi

Actor/comedian/martyr Steve Martin, recently canonized by the Pope, continues his film output.

Just think of Michael Jackson's glee if it were "double coupon day."



Actually, we checked, and they are there on a daily basis.



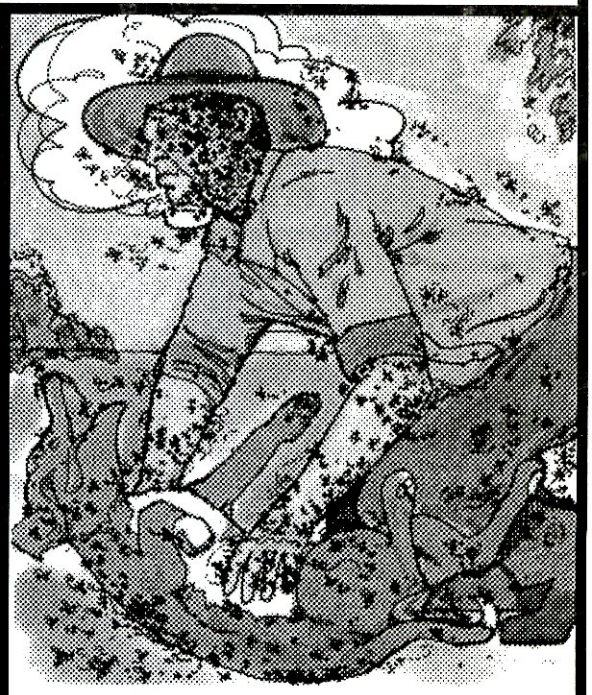
Answers the burning question: "Where can I get liquor, business cards *and* more?"

HITCH *Vox Populi*

#2: Killer Bees

What do you think killer bee honey tastes like?

◆ I don't know, but I bet it's sticky!
◆ Honey. What the hell do you expect it to taste like?
◆ I used to have a friend from Sweden who would bring to our place of work these funky terrible little black licorice-looking candies that his mom would ship him from home. They tasted like very strong black licorice drops, only with a disgusting salty, semeny undercurrent that made them taste like someone's vaginal tract. He popped them like they were M&Ms and would trick people into eating them. I imagine the honey would taste like that, only slightly sweeter. He is no longer employed there.
◆ I think I'll toss this one to *Today* film critic Gene Shalit. Gene? Sayeth Mr. Shalit, "I think they'd have a *killer* taste that's simply *bee*-rific!"
◆ Pies!
◆ Ocean Spray Cran-Cherry Cocktail.
◆ A highly caffienated, hallucinogenic substance that tastes a lot like non-killer bee honey.
◆ Like chicken.
◆ It would probably taste very sweet and put that little bear to shame. Just imagine how cool you would be if all the kids on your block could come over and eat Rice Chex with Killer Bee Honey.
◆ Honey with a kick.



In moments the bees had covered both the man and his dog.

Knowing that killer bees die after stinging, what would be a better way for them to commit suicide?

◆ Plunge into Winnie the Pooh's honey pot.
◆ Sit and read poetry zines – they'd die of boredom.
◆ Date O.J. Simpson.
◆ Splat into Space Shuttle, delaying launch six more months.
◆ Flying into the open mouth of one of the surviving *Friends* cast members.
◆ Contact Dr. Jack Kevorkian and have him whip up several million tiny little suicide machines.
◆ Kamikaze freestyle events. Killer bees propelling into each other in midair and falling to their deaths. If they could televise this and film it correctly, I believe it would be a big hit.
◆ Truck grates, baby.
◆ Snuff films.
◆ They could organize a rally, band together to try and get themselves some respectable social rights and die waiting for the civil system to do a cold start.
◆ Impaling themselves on the spike attached to the front of the really big spaceship that shows up at the end of *Flash Gordon*.
◆ Slipping into a soda can at a picnic and be swallowed.

In which of the following films did you MOST root for the bees?

The Bees.....**0%**
The Savage Bees.....**0%**
Terror Out of the Sky.....**5.5%**
The Swarm.....**8.2%**
My Girl.....**86.3%**

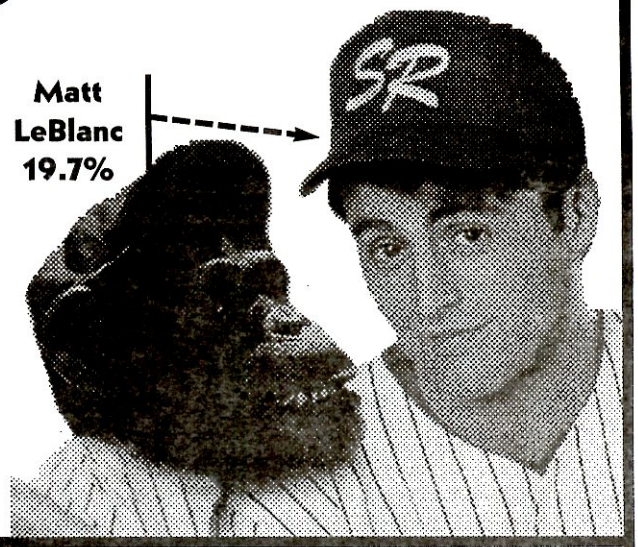
◆ *The Swarm*, for sure, and coming from a film major, I'm probably right.
◆ Definitely *My Girl*. I'm convinced that *Richie Rich* could have been a box-office smash if the director had only released those bees on Macaulay Culkin again.
◆ Oh, come on. *My Girl*, of course.
◆ The trouble with all these films is that there just aren't enough close-ups of bees swarming all over victims' faces.
◆ That snot-nosed little brat may have been cute in *Home Alone*, burning heads and throwing bricks, but put the shoe on the other foot...and suddenly he's not so cute.
◆ *Die, Macaulay! The Good Son* had a pretty cool Macaulay death, too. He was dropped off a cliff at the end. Too bad they didn't show him hittin' the rocks.
◆ *My Girl* was sad.

Given the opportunity to unleash a horde of killer bees on one *Friends* cast member, who would it be and why?

Jennifer Aniston 24.6%

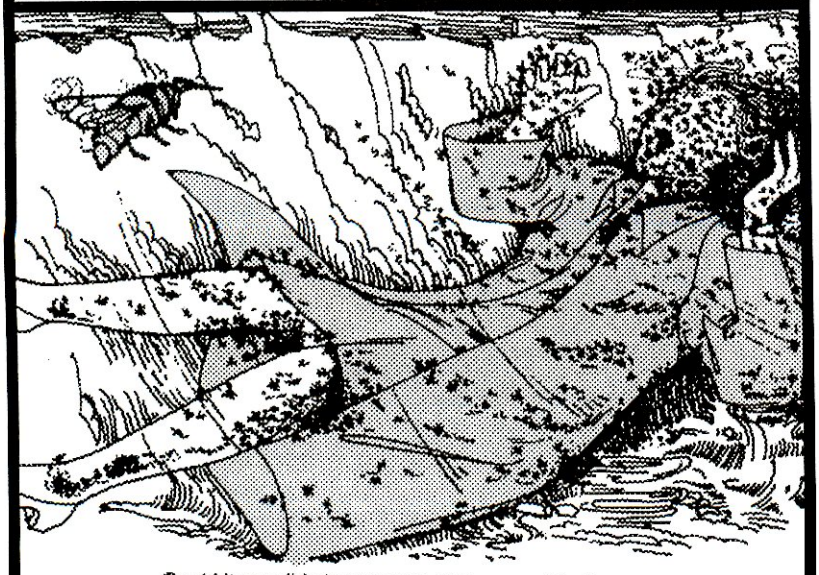
David Schwimmer 18.0%

Lisa Kudrow, 14.8%
Courtney Cox, 13.1%
Matthew Perry, 9.8%



Matt LeBlanc 19.7%

◆ Schwimmer, because he's a flamin' ratchet boy.
◆ Jennifer Aniston got a major nose job so maybe thebees could puff up her nose a bit before actually doing her in. That'll teach her.
◆ Jenifer Aniston. She is *not* – repeat, *not* – cute. Go rent *Leprechaun* for proof.
◆ The one with that haircut that all mean girls have.
◆ Why must I be limited to just *one*? I believe a sufficiently ired horde of killer bees could de-flesh the entire cast without much harm to the bees themselves.
◆ Courtney Cox, if only to watch her chest grow.
◆ Matt LeBlanc, because he said he loved working on *Ed*, the insipid monkey movie, due to the quality of the script. Loser.
◆ Can't I put all of them into one big person and *then* unleash the horror?
◆ Jennifer Aniston. I'd like to see the rest of her head swell up to match that nose of hers.
◆ Billy.
◆ Only white people watch that shit.
◆ Fortunately, until today, I was not aware this show even existed. An article in the *Sunday Journal* mentioned that it made casual and vulgar references to premarital sex, with one of the "stars" bragging about just getting laid. Given the depravity of the networks, I am not surprised. To answer your question, all of them, from the producers on down. Why? Because they deserve to die in anaphylaxis.
◆ I just want to see Marcel the monkey try and bash the bees with a little pair of cymbals.



Could it possibly be revenge that caused the bees to attack Dr. Eglantina?

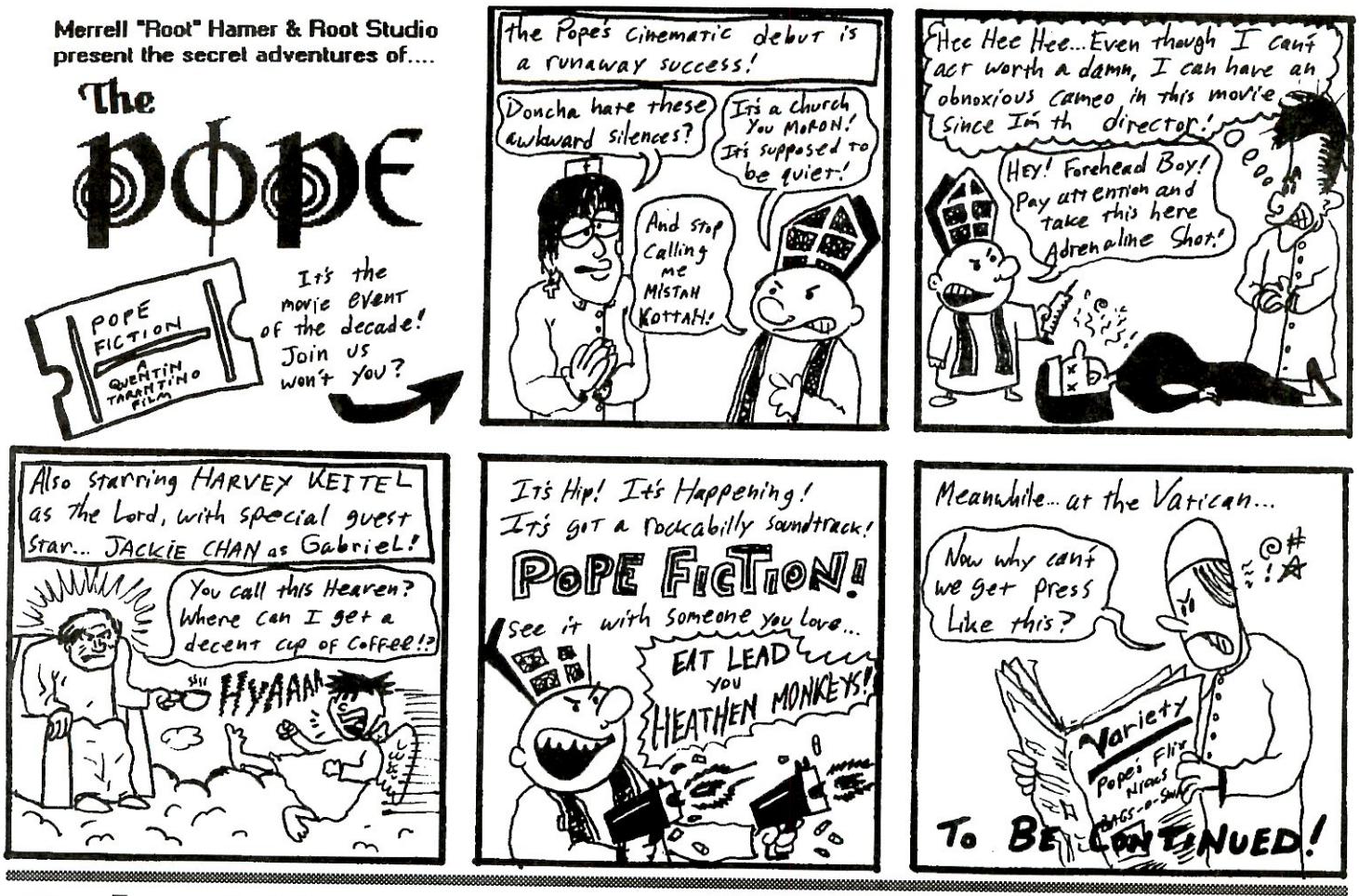
Which would you rather do?

Have sex with the blonde woman from NBC's "The Mommies," 9.3%

Have sex with the brunette, 16.0%

Be stung to death by killer bees, 74.7%

◆ Actually, I'd take the brunette over getting stung to death. At least I'd probably get a good home-cooked meal out of it – and she'd even do the dishes!
◆ Don't even joke about sex with *The Mommies*. That is *not* funny.
◆ A, B and C all at once. *What a way to go!* I wish that question included James Earl Jones. Then my dreams would truly be fulfilled.
◆ B, and using killer bee honey.
◆ Have to go with the sex here. Then again, I've never seen the show.


Merrell "Root" Hamer & Root Studio present the secret adventures of....
The Pope
Pope Fiction
A Quentin Tarantino Film
It's the movie event of the decade! Join us won't you?
the Pope's cinematic debut is a runaway success!
Doncha hate these awkward silences?
It's a church You MORON! It's supposed to be quiet!
And stop calling me MISTAH KOTTAH!
Hee Hee Hee... Even though I can't act worth a damn, I can have an obnoxious cameo in this movie since I'm th director!
HEY! Forehead Boy! Pay attention and take this here Adrenaline Shot!
Also starring HARVEY KEITEL as the Lord, with special guest star... JACKIE CHAN as Gabriel!
You call this Heaven? Where can I get a decent cup of coffee!?
HYAAAH
It's Hip! It's Happening! It's got a rockabilly soundtrack!
POPE FICTION!
See it with someone you love...
EAT LEAD YOU HEATHEN MONKEYS!
Meanwhile... at the Vatican...
Now why can't we get press like this?
Variety
Pope's Flix
To BE CONTINUED!

Robert Downey Jr.'s Addiction Roulette

Think you've got problems? Man oh man, they're *nothing* compared to those of the star of *Chaplin* and *Air America* – Robert Downey Jr. – who was arrested earlier this summer for possession of crack and heroin. It's a damned serious matter...but there's no reason *you* can't have some fun with it!

Sounds like Bobby's taken his *Less than Zero* persona to heart, which means he's on the fast track for a drug-induced death. So which narcotic substance do you think'll finally do him in? Place your bets! The wheel's already a-spinnin' and the ball's about to drop!

—Rod Lott

Crack	Pot	Ecstacy	Quaaludes
Booze	LSD	Coke	HEROIN

"Dear Mr. Clipson:"

August 9, 1992

Director of Wheaties
General Mills
Box 200-BG
Minneapolis, Mn. 55440

Dear Director,

As an avid Wheaties eater for some 50 plus years, I have never written to you before. But I deem it necessary.

Since the Olympics there's been a lot of talk about this gymnast Shannon Miller. She's the one from my home state who won five -- count em 5 -- medals! Now that she's famous and a hero, I heard she wants to be on the Wheaties box. Although she is a fine tumbler, I am writing to tell you I do not think this would be a very wise decision, for the following three reasons:

1. Look at the picture I've enclosed. She doesn't look natural enough on the box as ball stars like Michael Jordan, Magic Johnson and Dr. T have in the past.
2. I read she prefers Cheerios to Wheaties even! BOO!
3. Let us not forget she didn't even win the gold! Now Mary Lou Retton -- she won the gold and you put her on the box. Maybe if Shannon wins the gold in 1996 you can put her on the box then. By that time she'll probably be fully developed too.

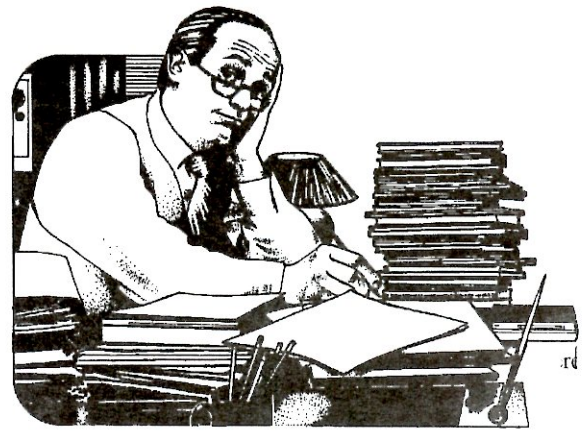
Until then, why not put her on the box of some other cereal instead? How about Kaboom cereal? Do you all own that? That has a smiling clown on the box and seems to fit her more youthful image anyway. Besides, she's a kid and kids like Kaboom. My grandson Billy does anyway. He's 6 and one day he ate 4 bowls and he got sooo sick! I told him "no more Kaboom for you Billy" and he cried!

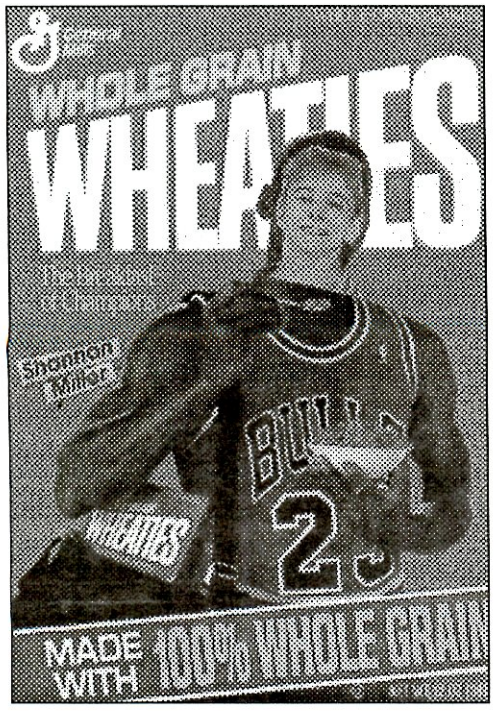
I'd like to discuss this Kaboom idea with you further. Please contact me so I can spell out my ideas more clearly. How do we handle payment for such services? I prefer cashier's check if that's ok with you.

Thank you kindly,

Robert Clipson

Robert C. Clipson
[redacted]
Oklahoma City, Ok. [redacted]





General Mills, Inc.
General Offices
Post Office Box 1113
Minneapolis, Minnesota 55440

September 1, 1992

Mr. Robert C. Clipson
[redacted]
Oklahoma City, OK [redacted]

Dear Mr. Clipson:

Thank you for your letter of August 9, 1992. It has come to me for reply because all letters offering suggestions are sent to this department.

We are pleased to learn of your interest in our products and thank you for taking the time to write us.

We wish we could tell you we would consider the suggestions you wish to make. However, in the advertising and promotion of our products there are so many possibilities and ideas already known or available to us that we must rely on our own large staff and our advertising agencies.

We realize that there may be many good promotional suggestions from outside these sources, from our friends and customers, but under our strict rules we cannot forward them to other company personnel. Therefore, consistent with our company policy we are returning your letter.

Again thank you for your interest in our company.

Sincerely,

Linda E. Belisle
Submitted Ideas

LEB
Enclosure

DOG-GONE PSYCHIC

HITCH's Ken Davis Talks to Pet Communicator Yashema, Who, in Turn, Talks to His Dog

The Mayberry-esque town of Neodesha, Kan. is home to Yashema, a 57-year-old lady who lives in a trailer two blocks off of Main Street. She has held positions in her community that would make Howard Sprague green with envy. Not only was she a veterinarian for 25 years, but she also served twice as president of the Chamber of Commerce, was on the Board of Education for 12 years and was president of the Art Association.

Oh, and she also reads the minds of household pets.

One year ago, Yashema gave up her veterinary practice to become a full-time "pet communicator." When I first heard about her through an article in *The Wichita Eagle*, I was intrigued. The story explained that, for a fee of $50, she offers clients the chance to find out what is going on in the mind of their pet. Not wanting to spend the $50 and realizing that **HITCH** isn't yet lucrative enough to subsidize my efforts, I had to rely on my charm and wits.

So I phoned Yashema with an offer she couldn't refuse: a free reading of my dog Tinker and an interview in exchange for a cover story in a "nationally distributed magazine." She was more than willing to oblige.

The logistics of our meeting were more complicated than I had imagined. She explained that we couldn't meet in her trailer because she has seven dogs and four cats, making it too distracting. A co-worker theorized that with that many animals around, how would I know that the vibes she picks up would be those of my beloved Tinker? She tried to secure a room at the community center and the library, but was not successful. We decided that, weather permitting, the park near her home would have to do.

A few days after the meeting was arranged, Tinker became terribly ill. She expelled bodily fluids from one end and undigested food from the other. A day or two after that, her back two legs became partially paralyzed. She was unable to walk without assistance, nor could she manage the steps leading into the back yard. The vet had given her some injections, but couldn't tell us what the problem was.

I secretly wondered if Yashema had been playing with a voodoo Tinker doll. The day of the meeting arrived without much improvement in Tinker's health. My wife and I debated whether or not we should even take her. We finally decided that if anyone could help our precious lil' pup, Yashema could.

The trip would take two hours, so I let my wife drive while I prepared my interview questions. Tinker was restless, so Debbie let her sit in her lap as she drove. Suddenly and without warning, Debbie let out a scream that could wake up one of the ghosts Yashema converses with. It didn't take long to realize that Tinker had urinated all over Debbie, who was really angry.

I probably didn't help matters much by saying, "You know this is going to be in the article, don't you?"

As soon as we arrived in Neodesha, we located a store so that we could buy Debbie some clean, urine-free clothes. While my wife was shopping, I wandered over to the drugstore and bought a Pepsi. I called Yashema to let her know that we were running late because the dog had pissed all over my spouse.

Fast forward seven minutes. Debbie now sported fresh garments, and my thirst had been satisfactorily quenched. We pulled up to Yashema's trailer to find her waiting for us in the yard. She hopped into the car and we began our three-block trek to the park. I noticed that she was wearing a lot of makeup and a bunch of that turquoise costume jewelry that old people like so much.

I asked her how to pronounce her name and she gave me three pronunciations from which to choose. I asked if her name had any meaning, and she said it meant "mighty one."

Once at the park, we set up at a picnic table. I pulled my pager off my belt and set it on the table. I then opened my bag and produced my laptop computer, cell phone,

tape recorder, notebook and pencils. I didn't really need anything but the paper and pencils, but felt confident that I had established an impression of legitimacy.

Yashema had some setting up of her own to do. She opened her bag and pulled out a pair of glasses and a 20 oz. bottle of Aquafina. Satisfied that everything was in order, I turned on the recorder and began the interview.

I immediately became aware that Yashema was a very nice lady. She had a grandmotherly charm about her that made it impossible not to find her captivating. It also was instantly apparent that she had either escaped from protective custody or that she was an alien from the planet Zorbo.

She began to describe how she can communicate with anyone or anything that has a soul or spirit, dead or alive. I wondered what she heard the ant say that she flicked off of the picnic table with her index finger.

I wondered if she knew what I was thinking. I wondered if she should hook up with Dionne Warwick and cash in on one of those 900 numbers.

She continued to espouse her fascinating but oddball beliefs and practices. She has had previous lives, talks to her spirit guide daily, reads the *National Enquirer* and confides in her hair dresser. Probably the most disturbing part of the encounter was when she actually "spoke" to Tinker. She refused to look at the five questions I had prepared in advance, opting instead to go into her trance before reading them.

She spoke to Tinker in a normal tone of voice, but answered as Tinker in a lower and more forced inflection, and used short, choppy sentences. It reminded me of the kid in *The Shining* who wiggles his finger while screaming, "Red rum! Red rum!"

The nine-minute channeling session went as follows:

Yashema: Okay, I'll leave you for a minute and, uh, it takes me a second to get where I need to go. (13-second pause) Tinker?

Tinker: I'm here, silly.

Yashema: These folks want me to ask you some questions. Are you willing to talk to me?

Tinker: I guess I will.

Yashema: All right, the first question they have for ya: "What happened to your back legs and are you in pain?"

Tinker: I'm not in pain. The problem is medical. I hurt my back jumping off a chair. It is sore in that its not functioning, but I do not hurt. Please carry me when you can, the steps are hard. Don't encourage me to get up on anything.

Yashema: I'm assuming she's talking after she's well, here, not to encourage her on the furniture or bed or anything else of any height. Um, we've established you're not in pain, is there anything else they can do to help you?

Tinker: Put me in the bathtub with real warm water so I can relax. I have lost some control of peeing. This will come back. I don't feel what medication you are using will help. Ask for another opinion. It is not as serious as it looks at this time.

Yashema: All right, let me just ask you a question, Tinker, from a veterinarian's point of view here. Uh, does this have anything to do with your kidneys per se?

Tinker: No. It's strictly my back.

Yashema: All right, well, that's good. Second question is, "What flavor Milk-Bone do you like best?"

Tinker: The red ones.

Yashema: That doesn't mean a thing to me, so we'll hope it means something to them. She likes the red ones. All right, yeah, just relax. That's a good girl. Everything's fine. Doing okay?

Tinker: I'm fine, go on.

Yashema: Okay, "I fear she has homosexual tendencies. Ask her why she always sniffs Susie's rear end?" Do you want to tell them, Tinker, why you do that?

Tinker: Do I have to?

Yashema: Yes, they want to know, so you explain to them, okay?

Tinker: I love her, not as you would suggest. It is merely for identification and to make sure she is okay. I could tell if she had any problems.

Yashema: Well, that's fine, Tinker, but what good would that do your family here? I mean, would you be able to tell them if something was wrong?

Tinker: If I do it very often, and get excited, I am telling you.

Yashema: All right. Why don't you explain to them, Tinker, what you're really talking about here.

Tinker: Any bladder problems, any anal-sac problems.

Yashema: Okay, but it is mainly really just to make sure that she's the right one that belongs there, right?

Tinker: It is doggy, not nice to people.

Yashema: Well, really, Tinker, you do the same thing with people, only they just aren't quite aware of it. You aren't quite as personal about it, right?

Tinker: They won't allow it.

Yashema: (laughs) Okay. That's your way of identifying a person, by the smell, right?

Tinker: You know that.

Yashema: Yes, I do know that. "Some have said you are spoiled and selfish. How would you respond to that?" Tinker, are you spoiled and selfish?

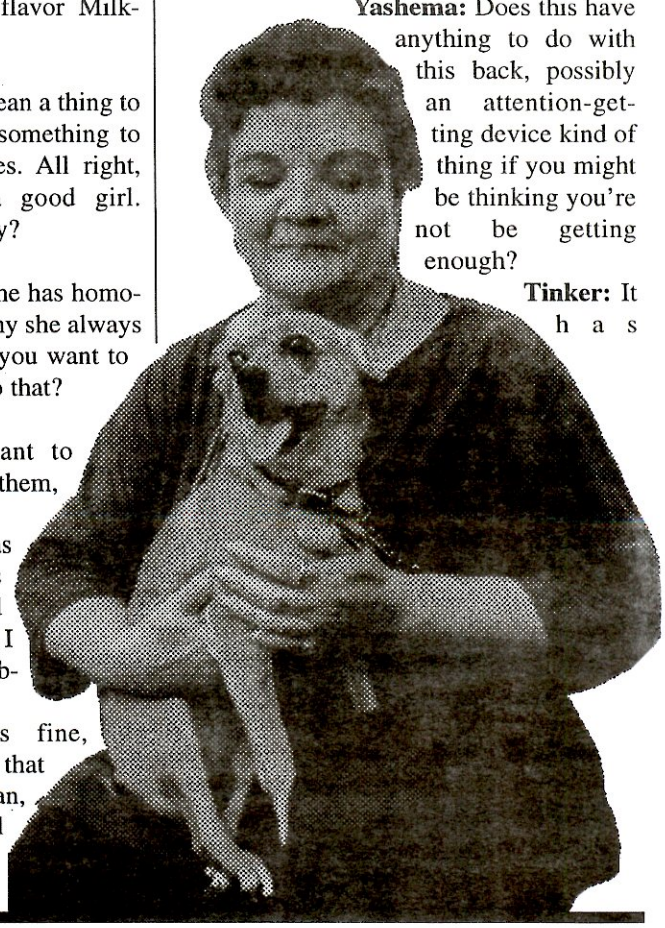
Tinker: Yes, I the most important thing there is and you better remember it.

Yashema: (laughs) Does this have anything to do with this back, uh, do you mind me asking?

Ken: Go right ahead.

Yashema: Does this have anything to do with this back, possibly an attention-getting device kind of thing if you might be thinking you're not be getting enough?

Tinker: It has



worked.

Yashema: Yes, well that's a pretty silly reason to manifest something like this, don't you think?

Tinker: I guess. It is more problem than I thought it would be.

Yashema: (laughs) All right. I suggest you stop it, then. "Do you have anything you want to tell us?" Okay, let's get deep here, Tinker. Do you have anything you want to tell them? This is your chance.

Tinker: I love you both. I wish I was the only dog. I want to be the only one in your life. I am afraid of another human coming along.

Yashema: Oh, you're afraid of a baby coming along? Is that what you're afraid of?

Tinker: Well, it's possible.

Yashema: Well anything's possible, Tinker, but why do you have to be so, well, "selfish" is the word they used, let's use that.

Tinker: I want them to know that that is not the way to live. You must accept other people, and I am showing them what happens when you are selfish. I know they love me, but sometimes I drive them crazy with my demands and my foolishness. I have decided that was what I wanted to experience. I will work on this back; it is not necessary.

Yashema: Well, I think that's wonderful, I certainly hope you do decide that the back is not the way to get attention. Think you can manage to undo what you've done there? Hmmm? You think so?

Tinker: Different medication is needed. I will be fine, though. I am a bit of a brat and as I said, although you love me, I can be a pain in the neck.

Yashema: (laughs) Is that all you have to tell them?

Tinker: I'm really a good girl.

Yashema: Okay, Tinker, thank you.

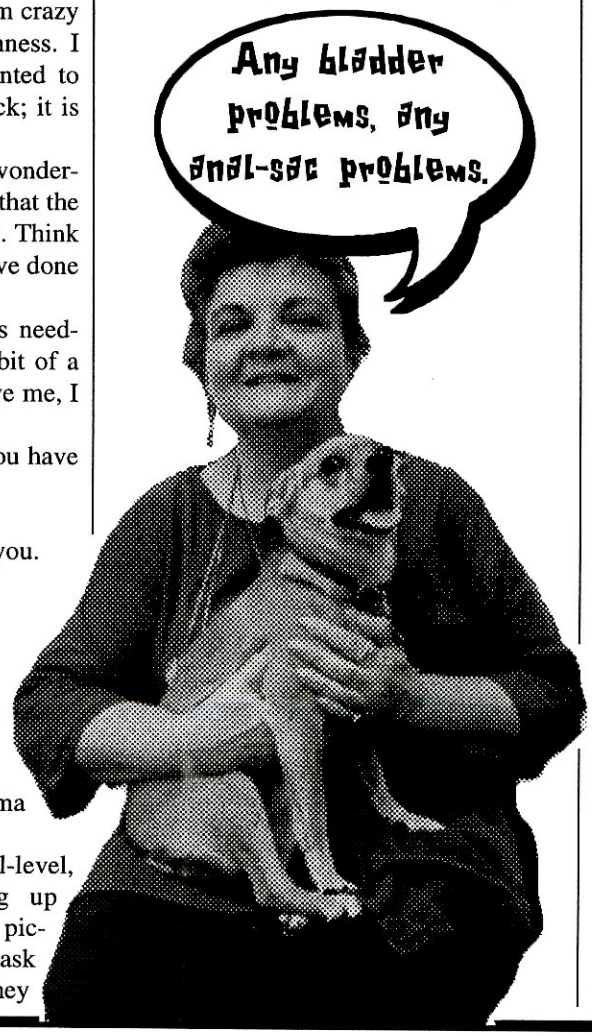
Ending the transmission, Yashema explained what she had done.

"This communication I call soul-level, because it's more than picking up thought forms from the animal, or pictures," she said. "Sometimes I'll ask people to send me a picture if they can't explain something. It's a deeper connection than that. It's kinda like the 'cosmic Internet.' Every word you utter goes out there like it's on magnetic tape. And this is what I call the level of the soul, and so we're all connected at that level. So at this level, I can call up any soul that I choose to – human, animal, whatever. It's going to be the psychotherapy of the future.

"Mostly the way I work is through photographs," she said. "I sit in the house and do this when I can find some peaceful time. I don't generally do it with the animal."

Since Yashema had connected with Tinker with no troubles, I asked if she had ever encountered a difficult animal in her readings.

"The cat never liked me," she admitted, yet failing to own up to which cat. "He is a nasty cat. He didn't like being channeled. To this day when I talk to him, it's, 'Oh, you again.' I walked in their house, oh, it's been a couple of months now. I hadn't seen him for a long time. He just looked at me and said, 'Oh, piss!' So he went and did his little tricks to let them know that he didn't want me around."



"What do you say to the skeptics?" I asked.

"You can't sit down and try to convince somebody of this," she answered. "They have to be open to receive it. Even if its a curiosity about it. But if their mind is absolutely closed and they judged it as demonic or something, there's no way. They have to be open to receive."

And how do her fellow community members feel about her profession?

"Nobody says anything to my face. I don't have people from town running their pets over for a consultation. I have two friends that I've done stuff for, but that's it. I want to do more channeling. I love to channel. I've channeled a book. I'm working to get that together. I would channel it onto tape, and it's a long process. I'm not real good with the word processor. It explains how the energy works and what God or source or whatever you want to call it really is."

Whether or not the book project ever comes to fruition, her gifts did land her a guest spot on the now-defunct *Danny* talk show, hosted by former *Partridge Family* cast member Danny Bonaduce.

"I got no billing. Let's say because the other ones, they put their name and everything, you know, but they never did put anything down on mine. They had my name spelled wrong, and I told them that when they picked me up from the airport," Yashema said bitterly of her Hollywood experience. "You know, in this day and age of computers and stuff, they could have fixed that real quick. They just didn't know what to put. The mayor videoed it and it was Christmas Eve and New Year's Eve entertainment at parties."

It is not difficult to believe that Yashema is a very spiritual person. In fact, she said she is guided personally throughout her life by the spirit Jeshua.

"Jeshua is Jesus in Aramaic," she explained. "I'm working for him, and as I understand it with the pets, we're getting people to think on a more spiritual level. I wrote most of what is in the Gospel of John. I wrote down most of what I remembered about Jeshua, and John took it and used it."

Then she asked, "What are you?"

"Southern Baptist," I told her.

"Oh, my goodness! Thanks, Jesh! Whoa!" she exclaimed, before telling me

about her past lives. "I was the eldest son of Caiaphas. I'll probably start crying about this talking, I mean, it's so real, it really is. Caiaphas was the high priest. I knew that Papa – that's what I called him – was conspiring to get rid of Jeshua because he was a political threat. I still have this tremendous guilt that I couldn't stop him."

Today, Caiaphas has been reincarnated. According to Yashema, her Papa is "now a female country and western singer."

Her biological father died when she was 13, but he is now "back on the planet."

"He's my niece now, and I picked up on that right away. It's kinda fun to sit there and look down and say, 'Oh, Daddy, how are you!'"

Yashema meditates often, and offered some tips so readers may meditate at home.

"What you want to do is stop your mind and then you kinda slip through that space or the doorway, as Jeshua says, from this world into the real world. Time really doesn't exists anywhere but in the third dimension. Where I go when I talk to the animals, there is no time. I lose complete track of time. I'll be talking and talking and I'll think, 'Oh, gee whiz, we've only been talking for a couple of minutes,' and there will be half an hour on the tape.

"I attend a Methodist church in Tulsa. I'm unorthodox. My beliefs are unorthodox," she said. "I fascinate the heck out the minister, though."

When we took her home, I got out of the car to thank her for her time. She asked me how I thought it went.

Jokingly, I told her, "Well, I'm not convinced what I saw was real, but I enjoyed it."

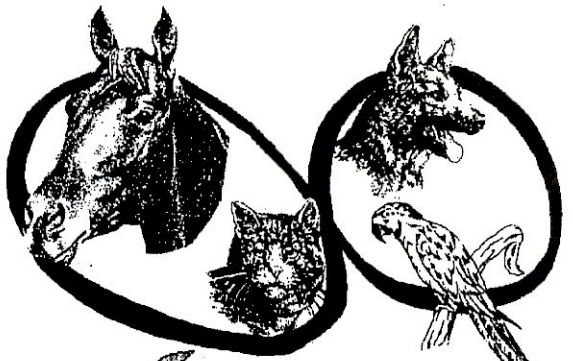
I extended my hand, which she took and wouldn't let go. She said, "I'm sorry I didn't convince you, but listen to the tape again. Listen to it carefully." She then gave me an unexpected hug. She walked over to the car and gave my wife a hug through the open window.

She didn't offer Tinker a hug.

H

Debbie, unable to read Tinker's mind, leashes up her dog, while Yashema, able to read Tinker's mind, thinks dog-knows-what.

Magical Moments



Yashema

Want to know the why and what of your pet's experiences? SOUL LEVEL communication with your pet will reveal the interaction of their life with yours; the spiritual connection between you in present, past, and future life experience. Your pet can be with you now or after transition. Allow Yashema to contact the soul of your companion(s). Send a picture, or full description, with questions (five maximum) and she will put onto cassette tape exactly what she hears your pet say. $50 per session (one pet per session).

MAGICAL MOMENTS/YASHEMA
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Frosty Has-Been Vulgar Comic ***Andrew "Dice" Clay*** Tries to Convince **HITCH**'s ***Ryun Patterson*** That He's Still Got It and, in the Process, Makes No Gosh-Darn Sense Whatsoever

NO DICE

"It's me," he said.

These two small words ushered in my encounter with the only man more egotistical than Kevin Costner.

The Diceman had cometh.

After days of nigh-feverish anticipation, I was ready for the moment. I was going to interview the one and only Andrew "Dice" Clay, this failed motion picture and sitcom star, and I was going to do a bang-up job. But one thing blocked my path: Mr. Clay's enormous melon of a head.

I had prepared many questions for the interview, many provided by friends and relatives. The questions ranged from, "Are you aware that there are words in the English language that *aren't* considered vulgar?" to "Are you now officially washed up or do you just consider yourself career-impaired?"

But alas, Mr. Clay had his own agenda.

"Don't fuck around, Ryun," he intoned.

"Okay, sir," I said sarcastically. "So what's this HBO special of yours all about?"

"It's the greatest one hour of stand-up in the history of HBO, in my genre," he explained modestly. "If I has to pick two great comics from our time, I would be the guy that tells it the way it is, and Leno's the guy that puts a softer edge on it. He's like the clean guy, but he's fantastic as far as clean comics go."

Yeah, you could also form the Chin Club for Men. Dice kept on rolling.

"This one hour – this'll make history. This is never gonna happen again. Nobody will ever come close this because it's not just about standup," he said.

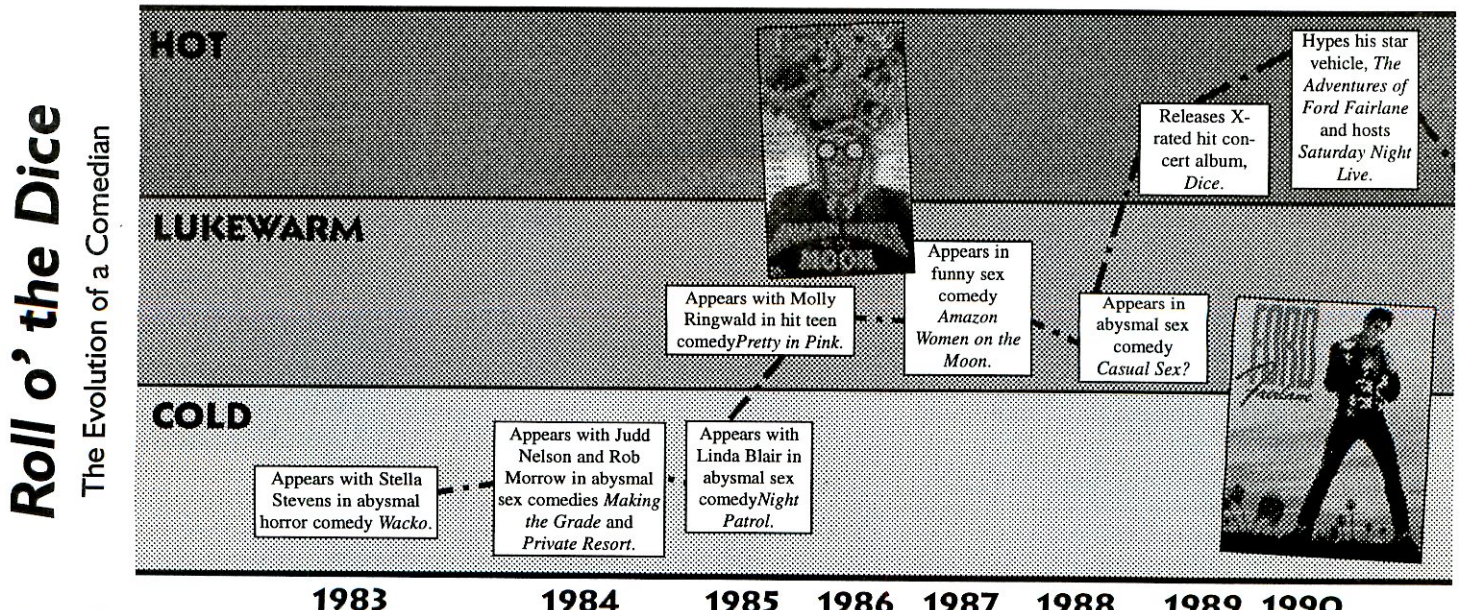
In retrospect, I see now that he was right. Nobody did come close to his special and those who saw it distanced themselves as quickly as possible.

"When you take the mixture of stand-up and rock and rap and soul; you put that all together, you got the greatest," Clay said. "That's what it comes down to. You got entertainment, you got the laughs and you got the excitement."

And you also got an inability to construct simple contractions.

"That's why I draw the way I do," Clay explained, obviously referring to his stadium tours of about 900 years ago. I implied that, because I'd never seen him on that great show *Win, Lose or Draw* starring the late, great Burt Convy. Whatever happened to that show? It was big for awhile, everyone had parties with the home version, but it then went the way of Lazer Tag and all those other '80s fads, such as...

"That's why I've always drawn big," Clay said. But then something happened. He showed me his softer side: "When you really believe you've got something special and when you use common sense about it and when you put that plan into


Roll o' the Dice
The Evolution of a Comedian
HOT
LUKEWARM
COLD
Appears with Stella Stevens in abysmal horror comedy *Wacko*.
Appears with Judd Nelson and Rob Morrow in abysmal sex comedies *Making the Grade* and *Private Resort*.
Appears with Linda Blair in abysmal sex comedy *Night Patrol*.
Appears with Molly Ringwald in hit teen comedy *Pretty in Pink*.
Appears in funny sex comedy *Amazon Women on the Moon*.
Appears in abysmal sex comedy *Casual Sex?*
Releases X-rated hit concert album, *Dice*.
Hypes his star vehicle, *The Adventures of Ford Fairlane* and hosts *Saturday Night Live*.
1983
1984
1985
1986
1987
1988
1989
1990

action, it can actually happen. You can really make it happen."

He opened up even wider to me, like a tulip opening with the first blaze of Holland sunshine. "That's what I'm about, more than even the stand-up," he spoke.

I inquired as to whether he will hit the inspirational speaking circuit anytime soon, and he chided me in the way only Dice can chide.

"It *is* inspirational, because that's what I do to myself. The bottom line was this: I grew up in a middle class family – nobody opened the door to show business, and I was going through a lot of, well, to say it bluntly, *hell* just making people laugh because of the comedy I do – and I never even expected that," he said ignorantly. "I was just striving for a goal: to make it in a field that I loved to be in."

He wouldn't let me get a word in edgewise; he just kept on and on and on like a rampaging Mothra with nary a Godzilla in sight. What I wanted to say was this: "Oh, I understand now: You were never clever enough to make people laugh, so you stuck with the rednecks and losers." But Dice's sob story went on, eventually meandering to his tearful appearance on the (woof-woof) *Arsenio Hall Show*. Please bear with him; he's just misunderstood.

"I just got sick of it being like I was on the witness stand all the time. My (excuse for a) movie, *Ford Fairlane*, was coming out the next day," Clay said, and he proceeded to tell me about his inner child, which made me feel, well, evolved.

"Did you ever sit in a movie, look up at the screen and wonder what it would be like to have the whole world looking at you like that and go, 'Look at this shit!'"

You've got a point there, Ego Lad.

"Could you imagine being Jack Nicholson or Al Pacino or any of these guys? Or the way Travolta came back...well, that was a dream of mine since I'm a kid!"

Which was how long ago?

"So not only did I become the biggest comic *ever* in our country's history," he bragged laughably, "the next day, I'm coming out now starring in a film."

As Dice basks leisurely on the *Adventures of Ford Fairlane* set, director Renny Harlin wonders if it's just all too late.

The pressure in his cranium steadily increased, and my ears popped.

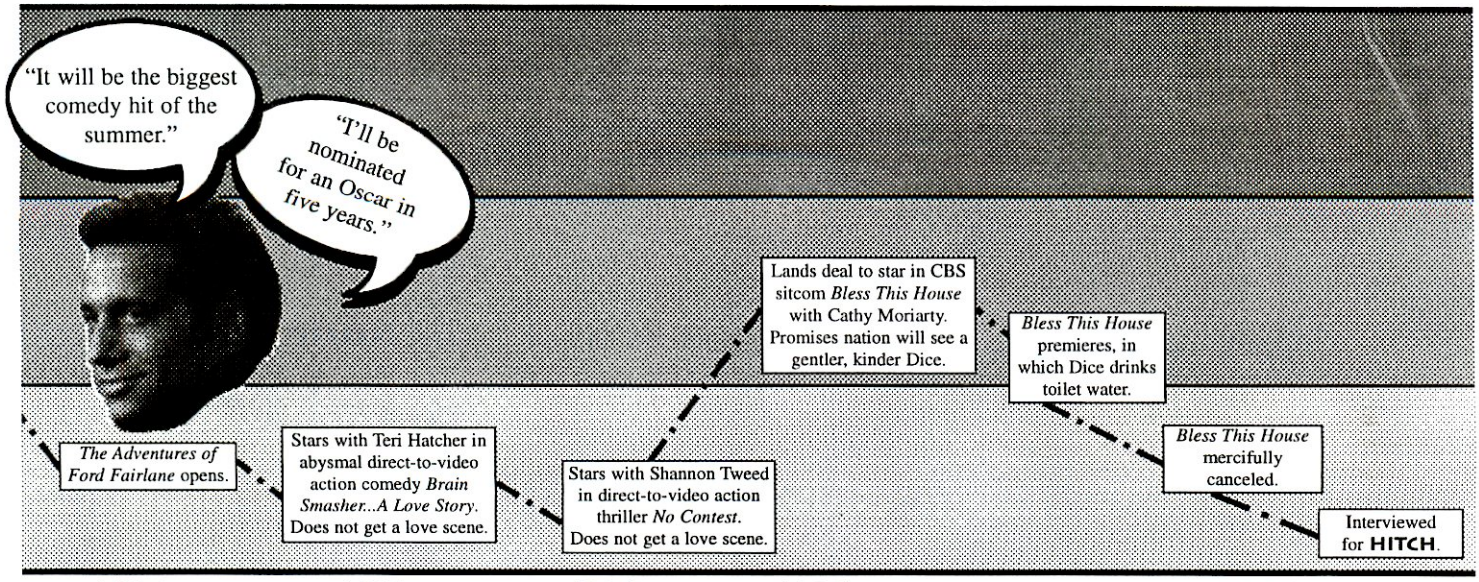
"Not second banana; it's finally happened. So I just got sick of Arsenio going, 'Well, who's Dice, who's this, who's that,' and the reason I got sick of that is because he knows me for 15 years," Dice said, obviously oblivious to the fact that our language has a thing called the past tense.

"So instead of being like Ed Sullivan was to Elvis, Ed Sullivan turned around to the whole country when Elvis was getting a bad rap for the kinds of things he was doing and said, 'You know, you can say what you want, but this is a very fine guy. His performance is his performance, but this is a great guy.'"

Yeah, Dice, I see the parallel. There's Ed Sullivan and there's Elvis, and you and Arsenio clean the floor with toothbrushes after the show.

"And Arsenio had that chance, so I figured, 'You know what? Fuck everybody! If he ain't going to say it, I'm going to say the way it is," he said, his ideas obviously expressed much more eloquently on the show.

"I got up to say that, and you know the reality sinks in of what's going on and now I'm not


"It will be the biggest comedy hit of the summer."
"I'll be nominated for an Oscar in five years."
The Adventures of Ford Fairlane opens.
Stars with Teri Hatcher in abysmal direct-to-video action comedy *Brain Smasher...A Love Story*. Does not get a love scene.
Stars with Shannon Tweed in direct-to-video action thriller *No Contest*. Does not get a love scene.
Lands deal to star in CBS sitcom *Bless This House* with Cathy Moriarty. Promises nation will see a gentler, kinder Dice.
Bless This House premieres, in which Dice drinks toilet water.
Bless This House mercifully canceled.
Interviewed for **HITCH**.
1990
1993
1994
1995
1996

—*Rod Lott*

doing the act, now I'm just looking to tell people – to *inspire* people – and say, 'Look what I did with myself.' So if there's anything in this world you want to do, you have to pursue it. And you have to really believe it. I say something at the beginning of the special that's... inspirational, and I mean every word of it."

I expected him to push his new book, *Our Curse Words, Ourselves*, but that crazy train of thought riding through his station in life just kept going like an obnoxious pink rodent percussionist.

"That's almost more important than the jokes," he said. "That you gotta look at a guy and go – and now it's a guy that got his ass kicked as far as the media goes," Mr. Media Victim said.

"'Cause you can't beat up a gang. One-on-one, I could take on anybody," Señor Studly voiced. "But when a gang comes after you, you ain't gonna win! It was like being ganged up on."

I was truly beginning to feel sorry for this misbegotten piece of empty New Jersey shore. I tried an intervention, but it was too late to stop his obviously memorized monologue.

"So they won in the short run with that, but to take yourself and say, 'You know what? You take your break, get off the mat, you say, 'Come on. You can keep punching, but I'm going to keep getting up,' and that's what I did with this special."

Here is Dice's real talent crystallized: He is a man who can talk to himself while talking to himself *while talking to me*! I was surprised, amazed and aghast. I told myself, "This is *amazing*! But what notation do I use to indicate a quote within a quote within a quote?"

Dice continued.

"The beauty of the special is not only did I get up, and not only are my fans going to just go, 'Look at this motherfucker! The resilience of this fucking guy!'"

"I write my own stuff. It wasn't a mistake that I got as big as I got."

Yes, Dicey, and they are also going to say, "Get me a beer, Uncle Dad! I'm just plum tuckered out from all that catfishing we did today...and we only caught one cat!" (Dear reader: I realize now that I'm becoming funnier than our featured guest – but way more modest – so back to our lovable comedian...)

"I took this special on like I never made it, like I never made a penny in my life, like I was 21 years old and had it all in front of me," Dice said. "I said 'I'm going to show 'em.' My idea of saying, 'When I made it was no fluke. I ain't no Vanilla Rice.'"

Just a sidebar: I laughed at that one!

"I did my own stuff," Dice said. (*Duh!*) "I write my own stuff. It wasn't a mistake that I got as big as I got."

No, it was the mistake of your keeper at the zoo.

"That's what was meant, and now I'm back to show you a second time. And when you can do things like that, that's when it's not a lie. I call it 'the heart of a lion.' In *Rocky*, he used 'the eye of a tiger' because that's how he felt. Those are his words," Dice said.

Earth to Dice: Rocky Balboa isn't real! There is no Italian Stallion! But I didn't have the heart to break his child-like grasp on reality.

"That's why I call myself the king of comedy," Dice babbled. "Because I was willing to take all those hits and get up again. It's how I am as a human."

That joke, that single line, is just *way* too open for ridicule.

So I bid *adieu* to Monsieur Clay, and I was glad I did. Never had I met such a complete egotist, and I may never again. I shall remember the "Diceman," for he made me laugh, he made me cry, he made me long for civilization.

H

HITCH

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By Rod Lott

REEL WILD CINEMA Episode Guide

#1 (4/21/96) "Lunatics on the Loose"
Guest: Dweezil Zappa
Curse of the Aztec Mummy
The Monster of Camp Sunshine
Bloody Pit of Horror
Mad Doctor of Blood Island
Scream of the Demon Lover
Giant from the Unknown
The Crawling Thing from Planet 13

#2 (4/28/96) "Supernatural Sirens"
Guest: Dana Gould
The Curse of the Crying Woman
The Naked Witch
Samson vs. the Vampire Women
The Secret of the Happy Shopper
The Girl in the Cage
The Werewolf vs. the Vampire Woman
Demon Woman
Fanny Hill Meets Dr. Erotico

#3 (5/5/96) "Evil Carnival of Horrors"
Guest: David Friedman
The Wild and the Naked
Lady Godiva
The Girl and the Geek
She Freak
Satan's Daughter
Snake Girl
Mondo Pazzo
Asylum of Satan

#4 (5/12/96) "Burlesque Beauties"
Guest: Russ Meyer
Teaserama
The Seducers
Deadly Weapons
Souls in Pawn
Riff Raff Girls
Adam and Eve
Spree
Playgirl After Dark

#5 (5/19/96) "Sci-Fi Mutant Invasion"
Guest: Fred Olen Ray
The Curse of the Doll People
Godmonster of Indian Flats
The Curious Dr. Humpp
Invaders from Space
The Phantom Planet
Invisible Intruder

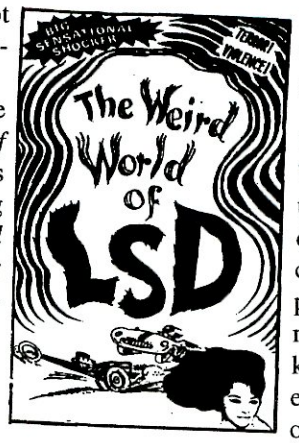
#6 (5/26/96) "Muscles and Monsters"
Guest: Tura Satana

For students of bad film, there's a lot out there on the airwaves to study. If viewing these shows were a school, the Sci-Fi Channel's *Trailer Park*, since it covers nothing but the basics, would be equivalent to reading, writing and 'rithmetic. Comedy Central's *Mystery Science Theater 3000*, being a good time that's over before you know it, is recess.

Thus, USA Network's *Reel Wild Cinema*, by unearthing rare and obscure films that haven't seen the light of day in decades, is your history lesson. But it's not one of those boring history lessons, because, of course, you get to watch movies.

And you always paid attention in class when you got to watch movies.

Those McGraw-Hill films your school system kept shelved in the library, however, were never like these.



Actress/comedienne Sandra Bernhard (*The King of Comedy*, *Hudson Hawk*) plays host to the delicious hour-long festivities that is *Reel Wild Cinema*. She makes her entrance, announces the theme for the evening's not-for-young-eyes proceedings, lets the animated credits roll and then takes a seat on the couch to introduce each film, tossing off an equal number of interesting facts and snide comments in the process.

Reel Wild Cinema's twist is editing out all the dull parts of the movie, leaving you with a few minutes of nothing but the best. The result, edited with care by cult director Frank Henenlotter of *Basket Case* and *Frankenhooker* fame, is usually a mindless, even surreal, mishmash of monster attacks, silly dialogue and poorly choreographed fight scenes. Strangely, it all makes more sense when whittled down to its minimal core.

And a helluva lot more fun.

Over the course of its 11-episode first season, *Reel Wild Cinema* has notably tackled:

• *Bloody Pit of Horror*, in which hulking Mickey Hargitay goes bananas and tortures various lovelies in the catacombs of his castle;

• *Little Red Riding Hood*, a Mexican import featuring a talking wolf with unnatural designs on the title virgin that go over the heads of its intended matinee audience;

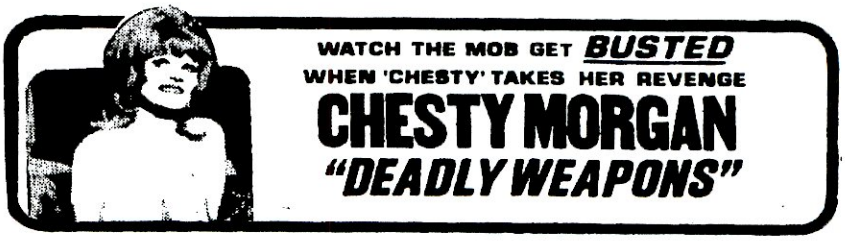
• *Deadly Weapons*, an unbelievable thriller in which the 73-inch-busted Chesty Morgan takes revenge on her lovers' murderers by smothering them with her almighty bosom;

• *Godmonster of Indian Flats*, which is a euphemism for "hideously disfigured sheep" that terrorizes science labs and school playgrounds.

No genre has escaped *Reel Wild*'s formidable grasp. Whether the films have featured sci-fi mutants, teenage delinquents, horrible monsters, caped wrestlers, saucy strippers, sword-wielding he-men, motorcycle babes, wide-eyed kids, drug-addled youths, disease-ridden high-schoolers or overly large cavemen, they've all found a home on this distinctively original show. Thrown into the mix have been educational shorts, old Playtex ads, timeworn trailers and vintage stag films, most of which involve apes.

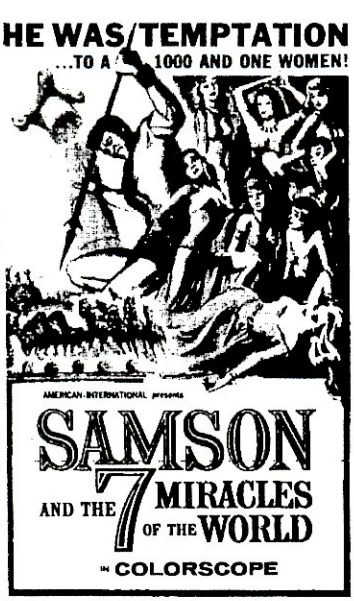
At first, one would think that Bernhard would be less than ideal as a tour guide through this twisted road map of exploitation and sexploitation – the woman starred in *Sesame Street Presents Follow That Bird*, for chrissake – but her deadpan wit and dry humor serve her well. As is evident through her interviews with the show's weekly guests – who have ranged from filmmakers Russ Meyer and David Friedman to B-movie actors Russ Tamblyn and Tura Satana – she holds an avid appreciation for these kinds of films.

"I like the whole B-movie genre,

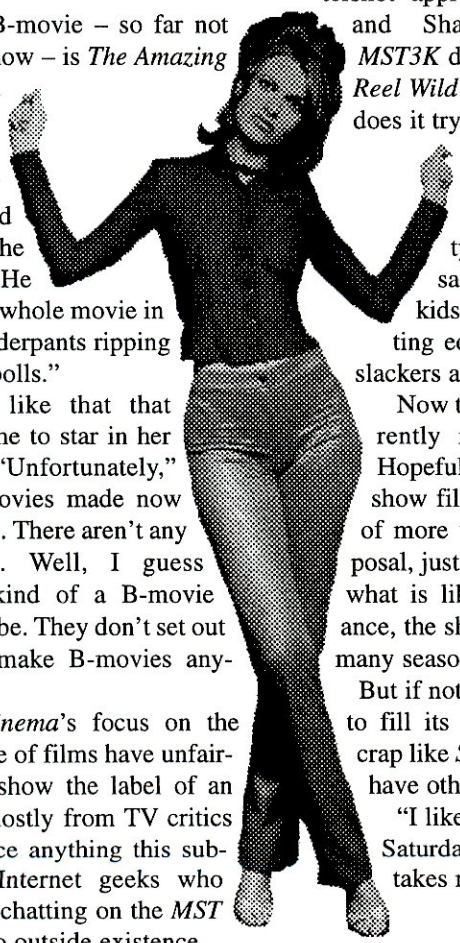


because I think it came from a time when people were really mavericks and rebels, and not under somebody's thumb trying to make a lot of money," Bernhard said. "They were into subversive ideas and moods, and I think we've really lost that in this country, to a certain extent.

"Me and my brothers used to stay up late on Friday nights to watch these movies, and we would be scared and freaked out – and it was fun. There was this sense that the silliest thing could scare you."



Her favorite B-movie – so far not featured on the show – is *The Amazing Colossal Man*. Explained Sandra, "It was about this guy who got exposed to radiation and he started growing. He walks around the whole movie in a giant pair of underpants ripping down telephone polls."



It's material like that that makes Sandra ache to star in her own B-movie. "Unfortunately," she said, "the movies made now are like C-movies. There aren't any more B-movies. Well, I guess *Showgirls* was kind of a B-movie without trying to be. They don't set out to intentionally make B-movies anymore."

Reel Wild Cinema's focus on the most unwatchable of films have unfairly garnered the show the label of an *MST3K* ripoff, mostly from TV critics quick to denounce anything this subversive or the Internet geeks who spend half a day chatting on the *MST* boards, having no outside existence.

Whereas *MST3K* makes fun of the film as the film is going on, *Reel Wild Cinema* has a genuine love for the films it features. While Sandra may point out an absurd situation or make a crack at how slow the Aztec Mummy is, this show is not out to skewer the sub-par.

Thus, any hopes that the flicks are Oscar material are thrown right out the window. In introducing *Teenage Gang Debs*, Sandra instructed, "Imagine *West Side Story* without the songs, dances, talented actors, a good director or a script that makes any sense. Okay, now cut your expectations in half and you've got tonight's feature movie."

After *Teenage Gang Debs* had unspooled to its bitter end, Bernhard summed up the film's message: "Girls, it's never okay to reward your boyfriend with sex for killing someone. He'll just kill again."

Remarks like that are a far cry from *MST3K*'s scattershot approach of double entendres and Shatner imitations. While *MST3K* does what it does very well, *Reel Wild Cinema* is not *MST3K*, nor does it try or want to be.

"The people that are going to watch this show are people that remember these types of films," Bernhard said. "I also think younger kids, who are kind of on the cutting edge, may watch, as well as slackers and freaks...cool kids."

Now that the show's future is currently in limbo, reruns abound. Hopefully, USA will see that this show fills a void. And, with a vault of more than 3,000 films at its disposal, just waiting to be dusted off for what is likely their first TV appearance, the show has the potential to last many seasons over.

But if not, and the network continues to fill its slate with more airings of crap like *Silk Stalkings*, Bernhard will have other things to do.

"I like watching bowling on ABC Saturday afternoons," she said. "It takes me to a better place."

H

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in her FIRST RUN SHOW
TEASERAMA
featuring BETTY PAGE
TRUDY WAYNE · CHRIS LA CHARS · CHERRY KNIGHT
VICKIE LYNN famed female impersonator
Produced and Directed by IRVING KLAW
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ALL NEW BURLESQUE FEATURE IN LIFELIKE COLOR
STRIPTEASE QUEENS IN ACTION

Mondo Balardo
Posture Habits
The Conqueror of Atlantis
The Medusa Against the Son of Hercules
Magic Serpent
The Witch's Curse
Samson and the Seven Miracles of the World

#7 (6/2/96) "Bad-Ass Babes"
Guest: David Friedman
She-Devils on Wheels
Wild Women
The Astounding She-Monster
All Men Are Apes
Bad Girls Go to Hell
The Wild Women of Wongo
Women in Cages

#8 (6/9/96) "Kids in Peril"
Guest: Dana Gould
Swamp Virgin
Let's Be Clean and Neat
Santa Claus
Little Red Riding Hood
Puss 'N Boots
Tom Thumb
The Little Tailor

#9 (6/16/96) "Just Say No!"
Guest: Sam Seder
The Weird World of LSD
The Narcotics Story
Dope Youth
Girl Gang
Something's Happening
The Cool and the Crazy

#10 (6/23/96) "Dope Pushers and Vice Dolls"
Guest: Russ Tamblyn
The Violent Years
Dating Do's and Dont's
Damaged Goods
Teenage Gang Debs
LSD-25
Devil's Harvest
Lost, Lonely and Vicious

#11 (6/30/96) "Evil Rampaging Monsters"
Guest: Robbie Jacks
The Return of Giant Majin
Eegah
The Brainiac
Sexy Proibitissimo
The Flesh Eaters
Superargo and the Faceless Giants

BINGO

It's not easy to gamble if you live in Kansas. The closest slot machines are on the riverboats in Kansas City, Miss. I'd have to drive to Oklahoma City to place a wager on a horse. Wichita is home to the Wichita Greyhound Park, but it is in danger of closing due to a continuous decline in attendance.

Citizens of my fair city with an urge to gamble aren't completely out of luck, though. One word, my friend: *Bingo*.

Bingo parlors are scattered throughout the city – 20 in all. The local Yellow Pages even has a listing for a "Bingo Hotline." I called the hotline to find out where a bingo novice like myself could find some hot bingo action the following Saturday night. The lady answered the phone with the urgency of a 911 operator, and our brief phone encounter went like this:

"Bingo Hotline!" she announced.

"Do you have bingo Saturday night?" I inquired.

"Parklane, doors open at 5, game starts at 7:30."

"Will you be giving away a lot of money?"

"Well, you have to win it first."

"That's okay, because I'm feeling lucky!"

"Good."

"Okay, I guess I'll see you Saturday night."

"Okay."

My friend Danny agreed that he, too, felt lucky and wanted to win some money, so we made plans to go. It would be safe to say that we both had contracted a serious case of "bingo fever." I was on edge the rest of the week in anticipation of our upcoming orgy of gambling.

That Saturday night, we showed up at the bingo hall at 7, having decided that we didn't need to be there when the doors opened at 5. The first order of business was to buy our bingo cards. We spent a total of $6 each for cards that would allow us to play each game.

Next, we had to arm ourselves with bingo card markers. I chose the 75-cent "Silver Plus." (I may write the good people at Bingo King, Co. to inform them that their "Silver Plus" actually had green ink, a clear sign of a breakdown in their quality control department.) I then purchased a large Coca-Cola, my friend opting for a medium Dr. Pepper. This was a choice that he would later regret when his Styrofoam cup became bone-dry before the night was even half over.

Armed with supplies and sodas, we found choice seats right up front by the caller's stand. As we looked around, it quickly became apparent that we were bingo virgins, having neglected to pick up trash bags and a strip of masking tape by the snack bar. The bags, we were to learn, are to be taped onto the folding table to the left of your seat and used to dispose of marked-up bingo cards.

We also noticed that we felt naked without a custom-made bingo marker caddie that so many of the other patrons had brought with

By Ken Davis

them.

Understanding that we were newcomers to this most sacred of sports, we felt it was important to familiarize ourselves with the house rules that were posted on the wall at the rear of the building.

"1. No children under 10 allowed on premises." (I guess this one didn't apply to the lady at our table who brought her 8-year-old child, to whom she kept yelling, "Amanda, I told you to leave me alone! I need to concentrate because I have *got* to win some money tonight!")

"2. Cards will not be sold to newcomers after the intermission." (I was disappointed to discover that they stopped selling hamburgers after the intermission as well.)

"3. TV ball not official until called."

"4. Stop game when you BINGO. YELL LOUD. It's your responsibility."

"5. Please respect your fellow bingo players. Remain quiet during games so that all players can hear the caller."

We surveyed our surroundings. I quickly noticed that the large bingo hall was divided into smoking and non-smoking sections. The non-smoking section consisted of a lone folding table and six chairs, while the smokers claimed the other 40 tables.

I also noticed that the girl manning the snack bar was wearing a T-shirt that proclaimed, "You can kiss me, but don't pinch me!" It was evident to me that this was probably not her full-time job, if you know what I mean.

My friend suggest that we tempt fate and exchange our bingo cards. I was hesitant. Hell, I wasn't even sure if it was legal. I wondered if I should have my attorney draw up some papers or something. Not wanting to incur the cost of legal counsel, I threw caution to the wind and slid my cards across the table in a smooth but deliberate manner. (I'm not sure why the next thought occurred to me. It was probably because it was the day before Easter. "It is finished!" I thought to myself.)

The caller took his place behind the big machine that constantly churned the bingo balls. When he turned on the microphone, it squealed and crackled. He announced that the PA system wasn't working that well and that the number 6 on the bingo board also was out of order. I noticed the sweat stains in his arm pits and wondered if he would announce that his antiperspirant wasn't working, either. He didn't.

The first game went by quickly. The second game went by more quickly. For the third game, the caller made things a little more interesting by changing the rules. I guess it's like in poker, when the dealer can call what game to play or announce that jokers are wild. He announced that instead of regular bingo, the next game would be a "six-pack." Instead of winning with a solid line, you had to have a block of six squares filled.

The games got progressively more difficult: "Crazy T," "Kite" and the dreaded "Picture Frame." In this latter option, you have to fill each square around the center "Free Spot," and all Bs and Os are worthless. The caller, who was sporting a maroon Marines ball cap was booed, hissed and jeered at when he called B-19.

He apologized for the blunder, but proclaimed that he "was gonna git it." He then confessed that, at times, he doesn't even know what day it is. My friend agreed with my speculation that his forgetfulness was probably a result of an old war injury.

Neither of us had come close to winning any of the games. In an effort to liven things up, I offered my friend a cool five dollars if he would yell "bingo" in the next game after only two or three balls had been drawn. He laughed at the thought of it, but wouldn't do it. I accused him of being scared of premature bingulation.

Meanwhile, the caller was starting to get annoying: "Bee-12, one-two under the bee. Gee-52, five-two under the gee. Oh-70, seven-zero under the oh."

Finally, the finale of the evening arrived: the last game. Blackout. For $500.

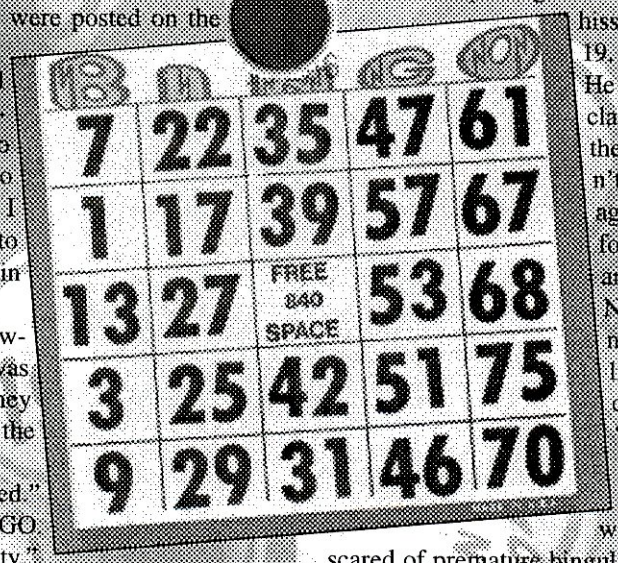
The caller reminded us of the importance of rule number four: "If you bingo, yell real loud to stop the game. If you don't and someone else gets a bingo on the next call, you *will* split the prize." He drew the first ball and the game was underway.

Ten minutes into the game, I realized I had only four squares that hadn't been filled. Then three, then two, then only one. I was on the verge of walking out of that dingy bingo hall a rich man. A hush filled the room as it became evident that the final ball would soon be drawn. It was, and a woman in the back yelled with the force of 10 overweight housewives, *"BINGO!"*

The room sighed and moaned just like a crowd at a basketball game when a player misses a crucial shot.

As everyone started to gather their bingo blotter caddies and file out, the caller reminded us, "Set your clocks ahead one hour tonight, and go easy on the eggs tomorrow."

H



Bingo, Sex Case Dismissed

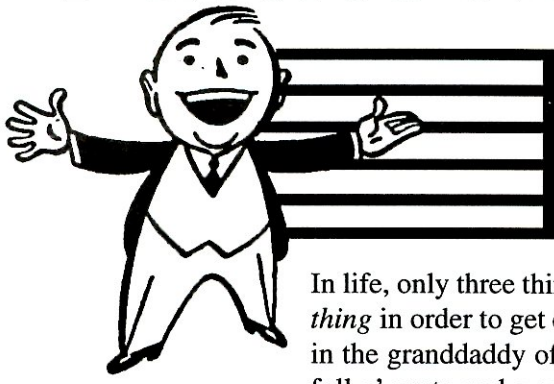
MILWAUKEE (AP) — A 73-year-old woman who claims she began having spontaneous orgasms after an electronic bingo board fell on her won't get her day in court.

Circuit Judge Patrick J. Madden threw out Mary Verdev's lawsuit Thursday against St. Florian Catholic Church because she failed repeatedly to undergo the psychological exam he ordered.

Verdev said she suffered nearly $90,000 in injuries when a 300-pound board fell off the stage at a bingo night in 1990. She also claimed that she found herself sexually attracted to women and experienced spontaneous orgasms, sometimes in clusters.

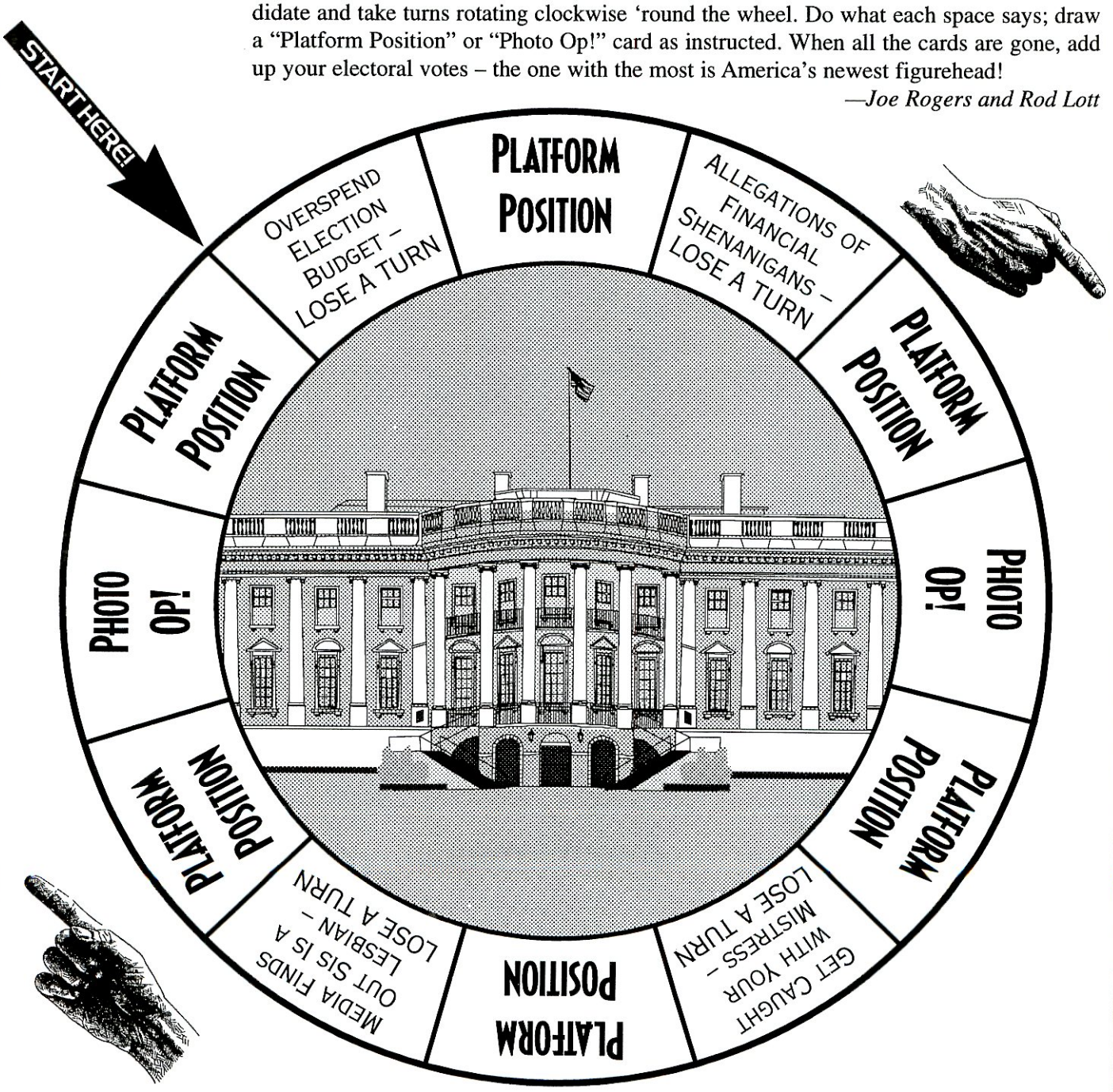
James C. Green, a lawyer for the church, characterized Verdev as dishonest and psychologically unbalanced. "It is unexplained in modern medicine how a bump on the head can alter sexual orientation or cause recurring orgasms," Green said in court papers.

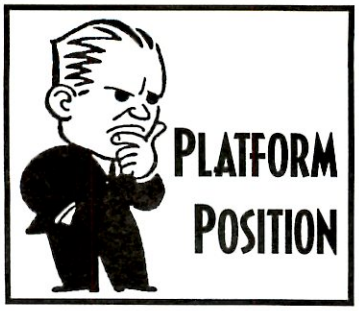
PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE PURSUIT!

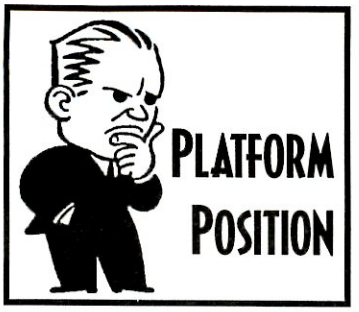


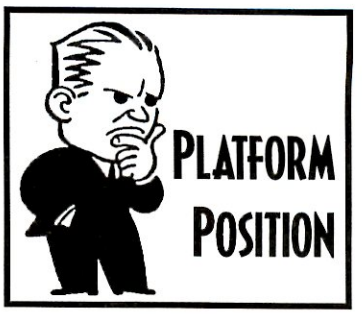
In life, only three things are certain: 1) death, 2) taxes, and 3) politicians will do or say *anything* in order to get elected. And nowhere is this bald-faced pandering more prevalent than in the granddaddy of all government races – the one for the White House! Now with a gut full o' gusto and a roll o' the dice, you too can be a Beltway player! Simply assume a candidate and take turns rotating clockwise 'round the wheel. Do what each space says; draw a "Platform Position" or "Photo Op!" card as instructed. When all the cards are gone, add up your electoral votes – the one with the most is America's newest figurehead!

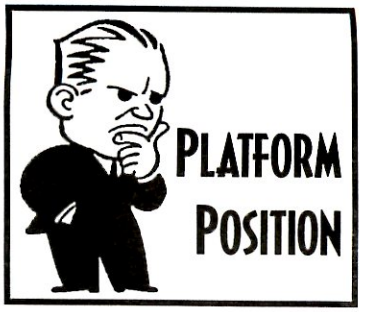
—Joe Rogers and Rod Lott

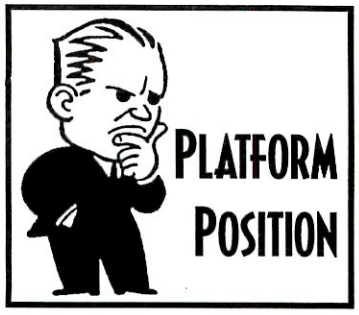

START HERE!
PLATFORM POSITION
ALLEGATIONS OF FINANCIAL SHENANIGANS – LOSE A TURN
PLATFORM POSITION
PHOTO OP!
PLATFORM POSITION
GET CAUGHT WITH YOUR MISTRESS – LOSE A TURN
PLATFORM POSITION
MEDIA FINDS OUT SIS IS A LESBIAN – LOSE A TURN
PLATFORM POSITION
PHOTO OP!
PLATFORM POSITION
OVERSPEND ELECTION BUDGET – LOSE A TURN

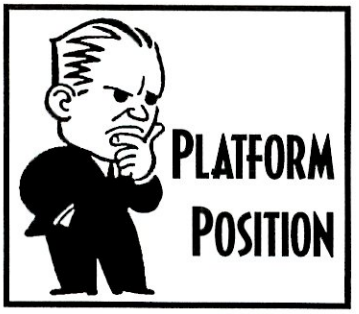


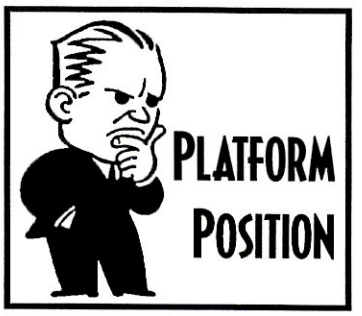


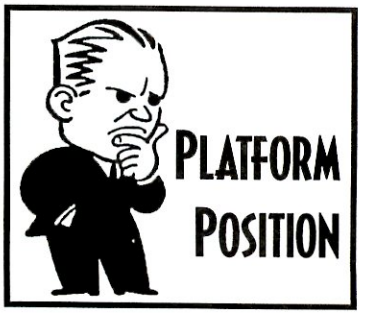


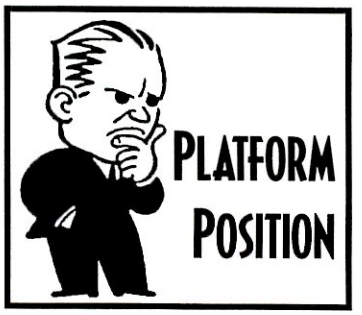


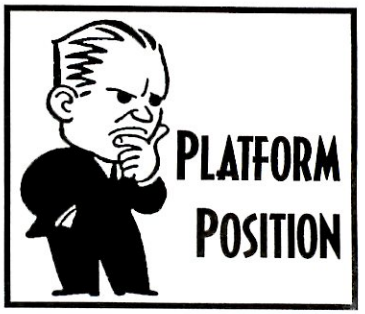












Cut out the "Platform Position" and "Photo Op!" cards above. Cut around the candidate playing pieces below, and fold back on the dotted lines to stand them up. But remember, kids, scissors are not a toy!

BOBBY

BILLY

PATTY

Declare cigarettes non-addictive; win NC, SC, VA, KY, TN and WV Electoral votes: 59	Block oil importation from OPEC; win TX and OK Electoral votes: 40	Promote prayer in school; win KS, NE, SD, ND, MO, AR, IN and IA Electoral votes: 53	"Tolerate" abortion; win DC, NY, MA, NJ and PA Electoral votes: 86
Acknowledge same-sex marriages; win CA, IL and HA Electoral votes: 80	Select Ralph Reed as running mate; win AL, MS, LA and GA Electoral votes: 38	Close the Mexican border; win AZ, NM, CO and UT Electoral votes: 26	Crack down on crime; win MI, FL, MD and OH Electoral votes: 74
Allow overfishing; win WA, OR, ME, CT, RI and DE Electoral votes: 37	Pardon the Freemen; win ID, MT and WY Electoral votes: 10	Snack on Eskimo Pie; win Alaska Electoral votes: 3	Gnaw on hunk of cheese at state dinner; win Wisconsin Electoral votes: 11
	Go on fall foliage tour, see a moose; win New Hampshire and Vermont Electoral votes: 7	Shake hands with guy in Snoopy costume; win Minnesota Electoral votes: 10	Be snapped outside hotel with high-rollin' harpie on arm; win Nevada Electoral votes: 4

with sandra bernhard

EVERY SUNDAY AT MIDNIGHT ON USA NETWORK

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#7 • JUNE/JULY 1995 • *Planet of the Apes* retrospective, why the Academy Awards suck, up close and personal with Crispin Glover, El Chico prank, a he-man adventure to the Grand Canyon, tattoo removal, free Joycelyn Elders masturbation board game and free HITCH pog milkcaps, too! (40 pgs.)

#8 • AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 1995 • Fast food horrors, chiropractors exposed, McDonald's fun facts, Gulf War injury photos, the Hootie-O-Matic, the Gabor Sister egg poll and interviews with Leatherface, Tommy James and some guy from *Baywatch*. (44 pgs.)

#9 • OCTOBER/NOVEMBER 1995 • Country music: the root of all evil, my life as an underwear model, plasma donation as an occupation, *TV Guide* and you, drugstore horrors, Monkee trouble, summer movie crap, cow sex. (44 pgs.)

#10 • DECEMBER 1995/JANUARY 1996 • The Travel Issue, with trips to the JFK Assassination Symposium, Oregon's Enchanted Forest, Saudi Arabia and roadside freak shows. Plus, things pulled from people's rectums, Johnnie Cochran's puzzle corner, dirty Disney, the Tweed-O-Matic, and interviews with Adam West, Wesley from *Land of the Lost* and the Indian girl from MTV's *Road Rules*. (44 pgs.)

#11 • FEBRUARY/MARCH 1996 • The world of phone sex, I was a whore for Blockbuster Video, free baby names wheel, Steven Seagal's acting school, Mister Rogers' dark side, interview with a grade-school Evil Knievel, crashing the governor's mansion, Mormon masturbation tips and the Pamela Anderson plastic surgery page. (44 pgs.)

#12 • SUMMER 1996 • Chuck E. Cheese: scourge of the nation, interview with Kevin McDonald of *Kids in the Hall*, a he-man adventure to a male impotence seminar, why the Eagles must die, Bigfoot poll, Oregon's UFO Museum, how to talk like a gangsta, Pat Buchanan paper dolls and free

PAT ON THE BACK!

YERBASIC

By Jamie Munn

Straight up noon and 97°. A stale heat presses down on the dry, rocky landscape. *Dinosaurs attack!*

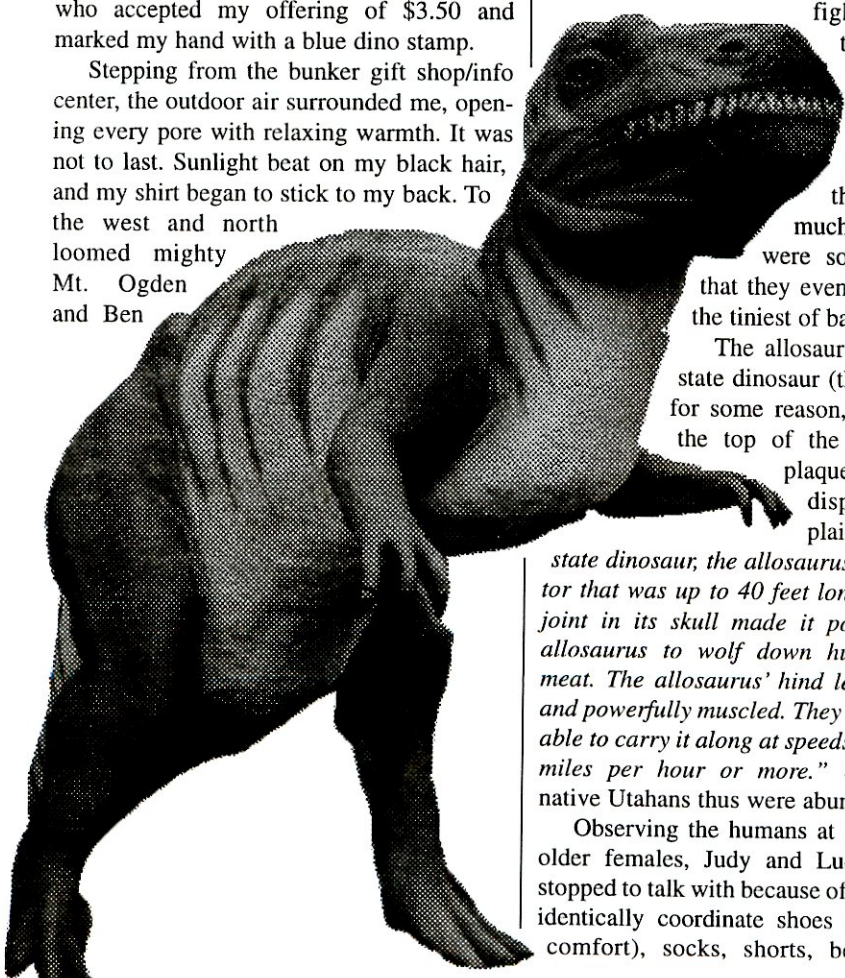
Over millions of years, towering, crushing, flesh-tearing giants of scales and muscle have evolved into squealing, sweating, soft, semi-intelligent life forms. Survival of the dimwittest. This natural example of Darwin's perhaps flawed theory is no better observed than at Ogden, Utah's George S. Eccles Dinosaur Park. My study of the state's dominant species of inhabitants included a strange array of humans and the monstrous lizards that fascinate many of them.

My observation of interaction between the two life forms began with a rite of passage known as the admission fee. Several humans waited in lines that were average considering the July 4th holiday. As per usual, my solitary expedition was greeted with skepticism by a lovely female attendant who accepted my offering of $3.50 and marked my hand with a blue dino stamp.

Stepping from the bunker gift shop/info center, the outdoor air surrounded me, opening every pore with relaxing warmth. It was not to last. Sunlight beat on my black hair, and my shirt began to stick to my back. To the west and north loomed mighty Mt. Ogden and Ben Lemond Mount, respectively. My trail at the foot of the rocky giants led in winding, overlapping paths around reptilian beasts where humans were advised, *"Please stay on the blacktop. Do not touch the creatures."*

This warning was ignored at the very first exhibit I saw. Despite a mother calling, "Jason you can't touch them!," the little tyke was swinging on the small, black, boundary rails as if he were an Olympic gymnast on the parallel bars. Other visitors gave their whispered disapproval as little Jason ran between the legs of an allosaurus and diplodacus which were locked in a death fight.

Which brings me to the biggest question that dogged me during my expedition: *How did they get the dinosaurs to hold still for so long?* They fight, they play, they shriek in bass-heavy screeches and guttural growls. But they didn't so much as *blink* and were so well-behaved that they even stayed behind the tiniest of barricades!



The allosaur also is Utah's state dinosaur (the Utah raptor, for some reason, did not make the top of the list), and the plaque at the allosaur display may explain why. *"Utah's state dinosaur, the allosaurus, was a predator that was up to 40 feet long. A moveable joint in its skull made it possible for the allosaurus to wolf down huge chunks of meat. The allosaurus' hind legs were large and powerfully muscled. They may have been able to carry it along at speeds of perhaps 20 miles per hour or more."* Similarities to native Utahans thus were abundant.

Observing the humans at play were two older females, Judy and Lucille, whom I stopped to talk with because of their ability to identically coordinate shoes (taken off for comfort), socks, shorts, belts, watches, shirts, earrings, hairstyles *and* basic white, flabby body tone. Surprisingly, Judy and Lucille are neither twins nor sisters – in fact, they're not even related. They are just "friends."

Other kinds of dinosaurs: the matching "just friends" Judy and Lucille

It was their first time at the park, and they had walked the riverfront area just to the north, like I often have. I told them I had moved from Oklahoma to Kansas to Oregon to Utah, not really knowing anyone, but following my career.

"I work at the newspaper," I said.

"Oh, I think my grandson has a route for them," Lucille offered.

I moved on to a bridge from which I was able to see examples of the oldest, flightless bird, *Hesperornin fragilis*. The late-Crustaceous period animals perched on rocks in the pool as ducks and swans swam around them. Many parkgoers were confused by brown pellets in coin candy machines.

"Look Mama, penguins!" shouted one excited young girl.

"Okay, we can feed the ducks, but remember, let's throw the food *to* them, not *at* them," the mother replied.

Moving along the water area were several Nessie-looking creatures and a stout, dolphinesque opthalmasaurus in mid-jump. The late-Jurassic creature is a nocturnal hunter – so don't sneak into the park at night, kids – and looks like Flipper gone terribly wrong.

Next, I stopped to interact with a dilophosaurus that was charging from a nook of trees onto the path, stomping and screaming at small children, many of whom were too frightened to get close to it.

PARK

"There is no evidence to suggest that they spat poison or fanned their necks as the undersized dilophosaurs do in the film Jurassic Park. "

One shady spot in the park is devoted to children's playgrounds, picnic/birthday areas and wood cutouts for heelarious photo ops. Cartoonish scenes allow you to put your head into a picture of a ranger straddling the back of a triceratops. Sorry – Caucasians only! (But that's not really a problem here.)

I strolled along the path noticing fine specimens of human males, all about age 21. I wondered why the hell they were here, as they all sported fresh threads, nice tans, cool shades – and not a female in sight to attract. Seeing my pen and notepad, one approached me.

"You want my autograph?" he said.

"Why, are you famous?" I asked.

"No, not yet."

Two kids ran up to him with posters I had seen many of them carrying around the park that day. They begged for an autograph asking, "Do I have yours yet?" Little did I know that these guys were members of the Ogden Raptors baseball team. In their second year, the Raptors are a Class A Pioneer league team, a rookie farm for the Milwaukee Brewers. However, most fans are drawn to games by promises of cheap seats, Raptor Ripple ice cream and locally brewed Raptor Beer.

After the kids ran searching for more John Smiths, I found out I had befriended DeShawn Warren, a 5' 11", 180-lb. pitcher from Butler, Ala. DeShawn failed to mention that he was on injured reserve when he asked me to come watch the game later that night.

"Okay, sounds good, but can you take my picture in front of this dinosaur first?" I asked. DeShawn got a little too close to focus and was aiming the camera lens a little too low.

"And could you please try to get my head in the shot?"

DeShawn took the photo and said, "Am I gonna get one of those?"

"Sure, why not?" I lied. "Are you gonna stay here all day?"

"I hope not. It's a holiday you know. Maybe until 1."

He then observed my earrings, which sparked his mental processes.

"Hold still. I gotta look at my reflection in your glasses. I'm gonna put my earrings back in. Ain't nobody gonna see 'em."

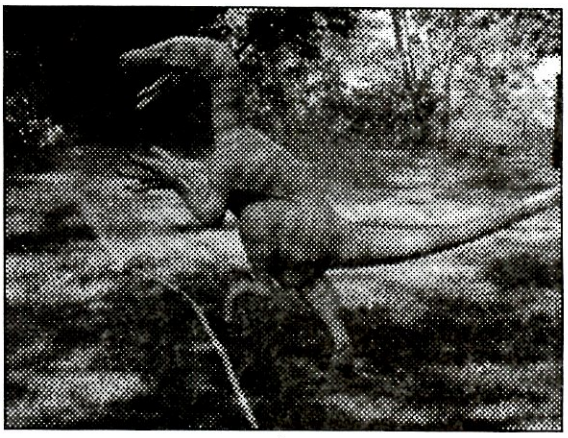
A few feet away, some of his team members where rooting around in the shrubbery behind one dinosaur. "Hey guys, this is a Fosgate box!" one yelled.

Later, I saw many of them at a table in a assembly line where people where getting their free signed posters.

"I just moved here from Colorado," one large, gray-haired woman said. "Do you guys play the Rockies?"

"Uh, they're not in our league," one baffled player said.

The author, in her own little *Lost World.*



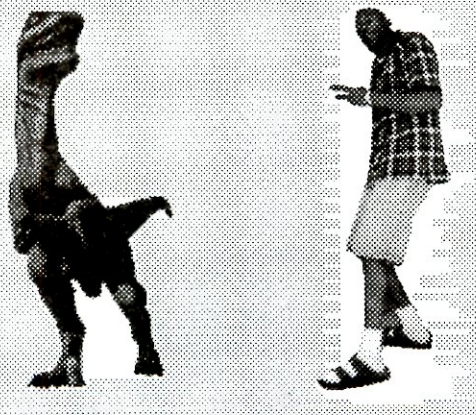
Dinosaurs aren't so scary anymore when they play in the sprinkler.

After sucking down a raspberry tea and listening to kids make surprisingly good impersonations of the dinosaurs by trumpeting through their rolled-up posters, I observed one final humorous example of human/dinosaur interaction.

For the billionth and billionth time, I heard a child yell "Look (fill in the blank with Mama, Grandma or Grandpa)!" I turned to gaze upon a display of a pack of meat-eating deinonychuses hunting and jumping on the lovable plant-eating tenontosaurus. A groundskeeper had placed a sprinkler in the middle of the group, making it look as if the fierce fight for life was nothing more than a playful romp in the water.

Origin of the species? Well, Chuck D, maybe those sickle claws are just as adaptable for slashing as splashing. **H**

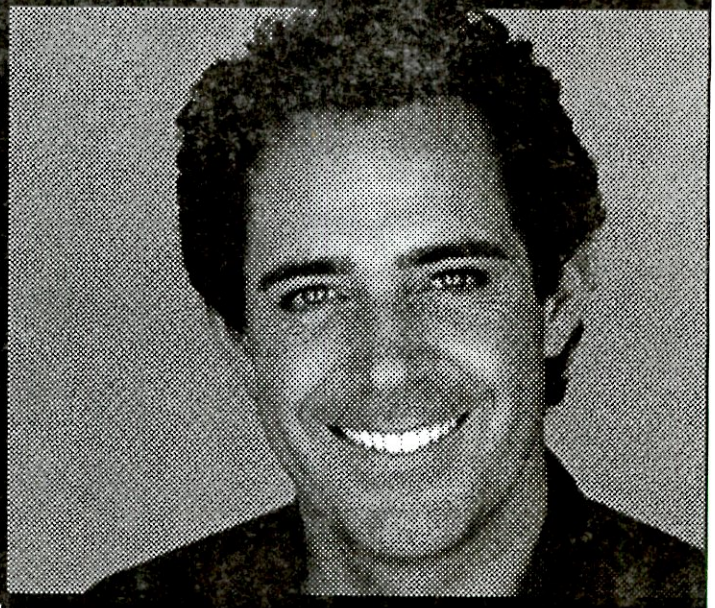
LET'S COMPARE RAPTORS!



UTAH RAPTOR	OGDEN RAPTOR
20 feet in length	5'11" height
1 ton	180 lbs.
carnivore	carnivore
fiercly equipped predator of animals	fiercly equipped predator of ladies
has huge sickle-shaped claw	could have sickle-cell anemia
foot-long appendange	ditto

HeRe's THe STORY...

...Of a BLOATED ego

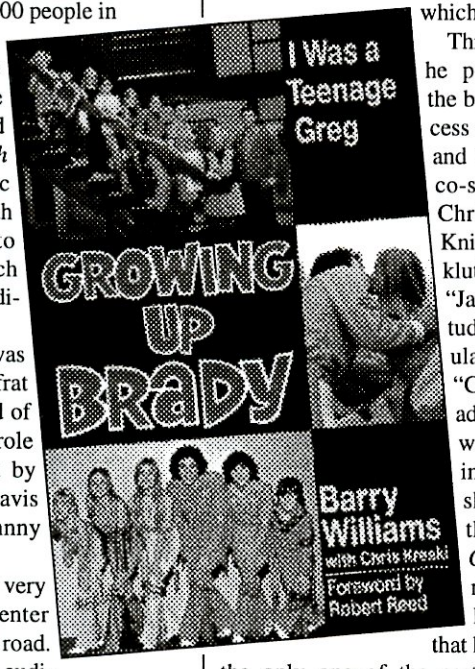


BY KEN DAVIS

As part of its year-long centennial celebration, Wichita State University played host to several "Open Forum Lectures." Among the notable speakers over the months were the Rev. Jesse Jackson, Dr. Jocelyn Elders, Sen. Bob Dole and, lastly, Barry "Greg Brady" Williams.

The organizers of the lecture series had obviously decided to save the big name for last. Since I can get all the politics and religion I want on TV, whereas meeting a pop culture icon of yesteryear doesn't come along everyday, I decided I would be foolish not to attend.

The event was held in the Duerksen Amphitheater on the campus of WSU. Even though the lecture had been heavily publicized by the local media, a mere 200 people in a town of 300,000 showed up. To pacify the audience until the lecture began, the kind folks running the sound board piped *Brady Bunch* songs through the public address system. I was both surprised and sickened to learn that the Brady Bunch had recorded their own rendition of "American Pie."



By 1:45, the crowd was getting restless. A group of frat boys sitting behind me tired of arguing about whether the role of Mrs. Brady was played by Shirley Jones or Ann B. Davis and started yelling "Johnny Bravo! Johnny Bravo!"

Hearing their cries, a very pregnant woman took center stage to get the show on the road. She started by asking the audience some Brady trivia questions. The casual spectator would probably view the trivia challenge as a time to wax nostalgic about the '70s or to weed out the true fans from the wannabes. I knew it was more than likely a stall tactic to buy some time while a behind-the-scenes "star" temper tantrum could be brought under control.

The first question was, "What was Carol Brady's maiden name?" A beflanneled, mustachioed geek instantly yelled out, "Martin!" He was absolutely right.

"In *A Very Brady Christmas*, what was Greg's occupation?"

"A doctor!," yelled the same guy.

I was impressed with his knowledge of Brady trivia. I was equally impressed that he wasn't embarrassed by publicly demonstrating such knowledge.

The pregnant lady finally introduced the man of the hour, and Barry Williams himself ran onto the stage, smiling and waving. He was wearing a multi-colored sweater that resembled one from the wardrobe of *Saturday Night Live*'s Stuart Smalley. He said "hello" and then burst into song. I don't know what the name of the song was, but the lyrics were haunting: "This is the time / This is the moment / Blah blah blah."

At one point, he sang, "Open up like a flower," and simultaneously threw a closed fist into the air and opened it slowly to represent said flower. I am certain it was intended to be the musical equivalent to Montel Williams' book *Mountain, Get out of My Way*. It was meant to be moving and inspirational, and it probably would have been, had it not been sung by Greg Brady.

After the song, he paused for the forced applause from the audience. One of the frat boys sarcastically yelled, "I love you, Johnny Bravo!" Either Barry didn't hear the audience laugh, or he chose to ignore it; I'm not sure which.

Throughout his lecture, he portrayed himself as the brains behind the success of *The Brady Bunch* and belittled his former co-stars. He called Christopher "Peter" Knight "tone-deaf and a klutz," and said that Eve "Jan" Plumb has an attitude. He seemed particularly harsh on Susan "Cindy" Olsen. He admonished her for not wanting to participate in the Bradys' reunion shows and laughed that *A Very Brady Christmas* lasted 30 minutes longer than her marriage. He said that he found it ironic that the only one of the cast who has a speech impediment is currently doing a radio show. He then went on to imitate her lisp.

In preparing for this story, I found an article written by Tony Moton for the *Sunday World Herald* in Omaha, Neb. The story reported on Barry Williams' appearance at the University of Nebraska in September of last year. Apparently, Barry has his shtick down to a science. The exact same lines that he used in Omaha were recycled in Wichita. When talking about kissing Florence Henderson when they went out on a birthday "date," he remembered it as pretty innocent because he "hadn't been to France yet, if you know what I mean."

Discussing the first time he met Maureen "Marcia" McCormick, he said that she was a babe, even though she was 12 years old and that, if he were patient, he could go out with her.

Toward the end of the lecture, he put on some platform shoes, a beaded leather vest, a headband and sunglasses. He reminded everyone that they weren't just sunglasses, but "groovy shades." He then invited members of the audience to come up and learn how to do the Brady dance. He choreographed a short dance routine with the dozen or so people brave enough to join him onstage. After the dance number, he dubbed the participants as honorary Bradys for life, distinctions they will try to shake just like five of the original Brady kids have.

He opened up the floor for questions from the audience. One guy asked what his favorite episode was. Barry chastised him: "Like I said 10 minutes ago, it was the one where I turned Mike's den into a groovy bachelor's pad!"

Another man asked if he still sees his ex-wife. "What are you crazy?" he replied. "Hell, no! She took a left when she should have taken a right."

After a few more questions, he said he had time for one more because "Alice has a home cooked meal of pork chops and apple sauce waiting for me." He did mention that he would be willing to stay around and sign autographs for everyone that bought a book, T-shirt, CD or picture.

Having brought my own copy of *Growing Up Brady* from home, I got in line. As I waited, one of his people saw me with the book and asked me if I had actually read it. I told him that I had, and he seemed surprised. I noticed that they had wallet-size glossies of an adult Barry for $3. Full-size glossies were $5, books were $6 and shirts were $15.

As I continued waiting for my autograph, I flipped through my book and noticed that the 13th chapter, "Dating Your Mom," started on page 69. Literature teachers would point this out as a good example of symbolism. I decided that this would be an appropriate place for his autograph.

A man asked if he could take a picture of him. His Highness objected because it was a video camera. The man pleaded, "I just want to take a still picture off of the video." Barry finally acquiesced, but explained that he isn't supposed to allow any video shots because of his deal with Paramount.

I don't blame Barry for objecting to video shots. This guy could have filmed him signing autographs and released it on the big screen and made a ton of money if he hadn't been put in his place.

I finally placed my open book in front of Barry and asked, "Can you sign it here? Make it to Ken." I had thought he might ask me why I wanted him to sign it on that particular page instead of the more traditional front flap. Instead, he gave me a knowing glance and wrote, "Ken – Go for it. Barry Williams."

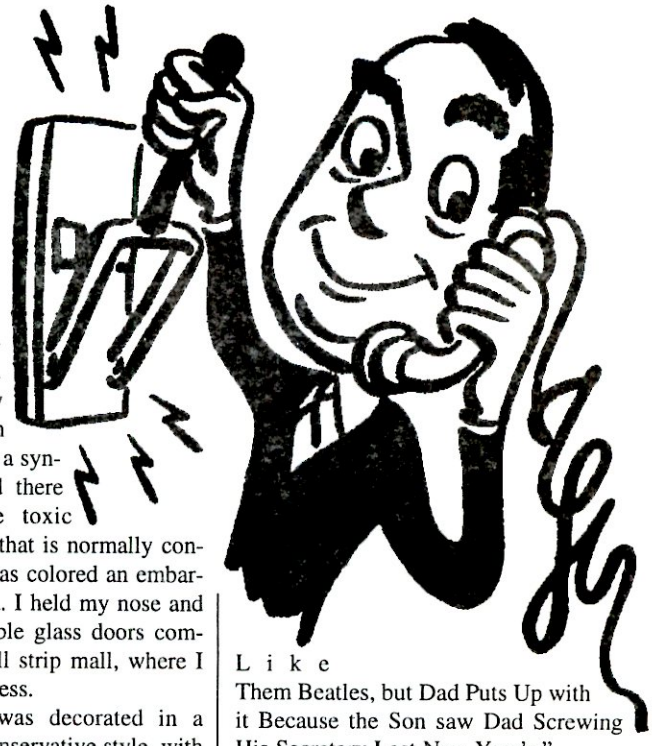
I went home with an autograph, a picture with a celebrity and the knowledge that Barry Williams is officially washed up. Just like an actress who does only made-for-TV movies, or just like an athlete that kills his wife, gets away with it and then sells videos telling his side of the story.

Barry is touring the country trashing his former Brady co-stars and selling a book he wrote in which he trashes his former Brady co-stars. He is also doing music theater.

H

TELEHELL

My Few Days as a Slave in the Telemarketing Trenches



By Ryun Patterson

Once your body has been drained of all its marketable fluids and your parents decide that Social Security means never having to say "I'll send you money," there is only one legal recourse: *Get a job, Daddy-O.*

This was the thought coursing through my malnourished brain one fateful day last summer. Yes, there were other thoughts in that ol' noggin of mine – thoughts such as "I'm hungry," and the ever-popular "What *was* the appeal of *Eight Is Enough*?" but that was all secondary.

I was in job-huntin' mode.

Finding a job suitable for a man such as myself is no easy proposition. My asthma keeps me from farm labor and my laziness keeps me from the construction biz. The jobs that suit me are the more relaxed kind – writing, editing, lying around playing video games – you know, *good* jobs.

This is why the elegance and simplicity of the classified ad I spied caught my eye:

> **WANTED:**
> Representatives needed for
> 4-8 p.m. shifts, M-F.
> Start $6.50/hr.

It seemed right up my alley. Although the ad gave no description of what the job actually was, I could lick envelopes for hours on end for that kind of groovy dough. So I called the number given and, to my surprise, I was connected to a portrait studio. "What would they need people for?" I wondered. "As models for those pictures that come in empty frames?"

Naïveté aside, the utterly lifeless woman's voice on the other end of the phone cord told me I could be a "phone marketing representative." That title sounded neat, so I inquired as to how I should apply.

"No need to apply," the disembodied voice intoned. "Just come by the studio tomorrow at 4. And dress for work," she said with a sneer, or an implied sneer, since I couldn't see the leechwoman's face. Take my word for it.

What did she mean, "And dress for work"? I don't usually go to the job *au naturel*, except for the time I was the shower gel boy at that spa in Switzerl...but I digress. So I laid out a pair of khaki pants and a suitable shirt and went to bed, visions of hefty checks and abundant phone marketing pleasure cavorting in my melon.

The following day I braved the 100° heat to trudge to the portrait studio, the oddly named "Olan Mills." I really don't know what an "Olan" is, but I think it is a synonym for "spackle," and there didn't seem to be the toxic sewage around the place that is normally connected to a "mill," so I was colored an embarrassing shade of confused. I held my nose and plunged through the double glass doors common to the run-of-the-mill strip mall, where I encountered...utter blandness.

The reception area was decorated in a Middle America, quasi-conservative style, with a few Neo-Limbaughtic accents here 'n' there. An overweight woman sat behind a curved desk, and I immediately recognized her as the voice I had talked to, mainly because her face was still recovering from a dreadful sneer (see, I told you she was sneering).

"Hi. I'm here regarding the job you advertised. Who should I talk to?" I said as timidly as I could, for I surmised that this woman's sneer could floor Nell Carter at a 100 paces.

"Oh," she said, a sneer tugging at her jowls, which were flapping in the breeze, which resulted in a run-on sentence. "You need to go in the back."

She pointed me down a hallway lined with *faux* wood paneling and tasteful, but not too flashy, family portraits. Each portraited family seemed to follow one American archetype or another: There was the "Upstanding White Family," the "Upstanding White Family with an Ugly Daughter They Didn't Take Out in Public Much," the "Upstanding White Family Who Happened to Have a Shaggy Dog" and the "Upstanding White Family that Happened to Have a Rebellious Son with That Damn Long Hair Like Them Beatles, but Dad Puts Up with it Because the Son saw Dad Screwing His Secretary Last New Year's."

It was relatively scary, but in hindsight, it is *much* scarier, because I think I now recognize one of the fathers as the star of a graphic male impotence video I was tricked into screening recently.

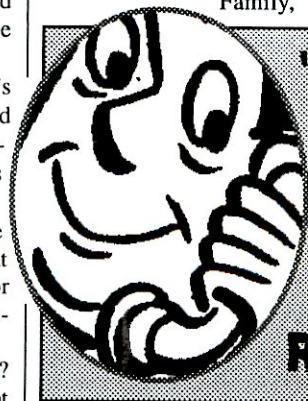
I opened the door and strode into a brightly lit closet that happened to double as the "Office for Phone Marketing." There were five chairs at five desks, with five telephones perched atop each of the five desks. A mustachioed man about five feet tall asked me five questions before he got me to work.

"Are you an illegal alien?" he asked.

"No, señor," I said, giggling at my squirreliness.

"Alright," he said with a delicate sneer that merely pinched his nostrils. "Do you have your Social Security card?"

"No," I said truthfully, "I'll have to have my mom send it from Wisconsin."



"I CALLED MY OWN PHONE NUMBER 39 TIMES IN A ROW JUST BECAUSE I DIDN'T HAVE THE HEART TO REJECT MYSELF."

"Oh! You're from Wisconsin!" he said, and chuckled. "Where are you from?"

"Algoma, which is about 45 minutes from Green Bay. It's right on Lake Michigan." As soon as I said it, I cringed and braced myself for "The Question."

"Do you guys always wear those hats that're shaped like cheese? Whenever I see a Green Bay or Milwaukee game on TV, everyone is wearing those cheese hats."

"No," I replied. Why couldn't people ask me about how the lake is once or twice? It is a very nice lake. There's lots of good things from America's Dairyland, but the only thing everyone asks about is those damn cheese hats. "I don't have a cheese hat."

"Can you start work today?" the man asked. I found out later that his name was Tom, but I just called him "man" because it pissed him off. I showed him.

"Sure, man," I replied.

The man sat me down at one of the desks and explained what my job was: "Okay, now I'll give you a list of phone numbers and you have to go down the list and call each one..."

I started getting nervous. This wasn't what I expected. This sounded like...like...like...

"...and when they pick up, you just start reading off this script and try to sell them these photo packages!"

Like...*TELEMARKETING!* Oh, my mind was reeling! I never suspected it! I felt just like Dustin Hoffman at the opening of *Ishtar*: All my hopes, my dreams, my free time had been invested in this one ad, and I had been turned into a portrait whore!

Noting my discomfort, the man said, "If you're nervous, just let me close the sale for you when you've got the customer interested."

The whore analogy fit well.

I was a busy little telemarketer for that first day, eagerly calling the next poor sod whose phone number was randomly chosen by the Olan Mills Computer Database of Random Phone Numbers and Instant Torture.

I was very courteous to the people I contacted, and I tried to make a difference in their lives by offering this phone-only offer of a great picture package and a discount on further sittings! The capitalist mantra I proclaimed to each open ear became my testament, my gospel. I began thinking, "Gee, this wouldn't be a bad Christmas present for my family!" and "Although I am a swinging bachelor, I could use a portrait to impress potential dates by showing them how photogenic, yet thrifty, I am!"

The responses to my pleas were somewhat lukewarm, if "fuck off" can truly be classified as a lukewarm response. I began to doubt my profession, and by 8 p.m. I was thoroughly disillusioned by what I thought was my true calling at 6:45. I went home feeling exploited, like a poor Charlie Brown with a rash on his ear after falling victim to yet another of Lucy's militant football deception schemes.

By the next day, I began to show signs of falling out with the man and his plan for worldwide portraiture. I called my own phone number 39 times in a row just because I didn't have the heart to reject myself, though ultimately I hung up on me like everybody else. I started calling my friends and giving them my spiel after work was over just to get that dreadful sales pitch out of my mind. I even started looking for other jobs.

But I kept on at Olan Mills, and by my third day at work, we had recruited a new member to our phone sales team. In addition to myself, the man and four overweight housewives in the office, we now had a delivery boy who delivered the photo coupons right to our customers' doors.

Biff, as the delivery boy was wont to be called, was proud of his chariot of expedient coupon delivery. It was a large chunk of Detroit steel, a '67 or '69 sports car complete with tail fins and genuine Detroit rust. He blathered on to me and the man about such arcane things as pistons, manifolds and other devices whose names I could not fathom. I just nodded during these seemingly alchemic ravings and occasionally interjected with such manly car phrases as, "Well, *that* can't be good for your tranny," or "Just get some spackle. That'll fix things right up."

Several weeks (well, one week and two days) passed, and I was becoming extremely disenchanted with my duties. To alleviate this, I decided to get back at the man and act really surly to the people on the phone, to the man and to the world in general. It all came to a head one fateful day – the day I now can joyfully refer to as "happy day."

I had just finished telling one of my potential customers where he could stick his redneck accent and unfavorable attitude when the man came up to me.

"Can I see you in the hall?" he said, tapping his foot.

"Whatever," I said surlily. (If that isn't a word, it should be. It is neat.)

We arrived in the Hall of the White Families and the man adopted a gruff stance. This sentiment occurred to me at the time, and I thought, "At least he isn't taking a 'McGruff' stance. I hate all that 'Take a bite out of crime' stuff, funny as it may seem. It just furthers the cause of the establishment. Then again, he is 'the man,' so what should I expect?"

He bit into me. "I'm noticing a serious attitude problem with you lately. You started off great, but I don't want you giving up on me."

"Yeah," I said. This sounded like my idea of what David Koresh said to his followers.

"I expect a serious improvement from you. I didn't go to any fancy college, I just got a plain, old American diploma. But I know how to run this place and I don't need any crap from the help around here."

"Well, I don't need any crap from a numskull like you, either," I said, once again surlily. (Cool word! Use it today!)

The man got a shocked appearance on his face and he seemed about ready to cry. "I don't know why you're acting this way, RP. I really thought we were getting along! Are there some problems at home?"

"None that being unemployed couldn't fix," I said triumphantly, though my sensibilities were still bruised by his casual use of my initials. You know, there are times in which being more than six feet tall has an advantage, and one of those times is when you're confronting a five-feet-tall boss who is a big loser. I towered menacingly over him. (Another is when you want to play professional basketball. The former was my situation at the time.)

"Well, I'll try to be more understanding. Let's go back to work!" he beamed at me, as if we were going to enjoy a beer at the local bar later.

"Whatever," I said.

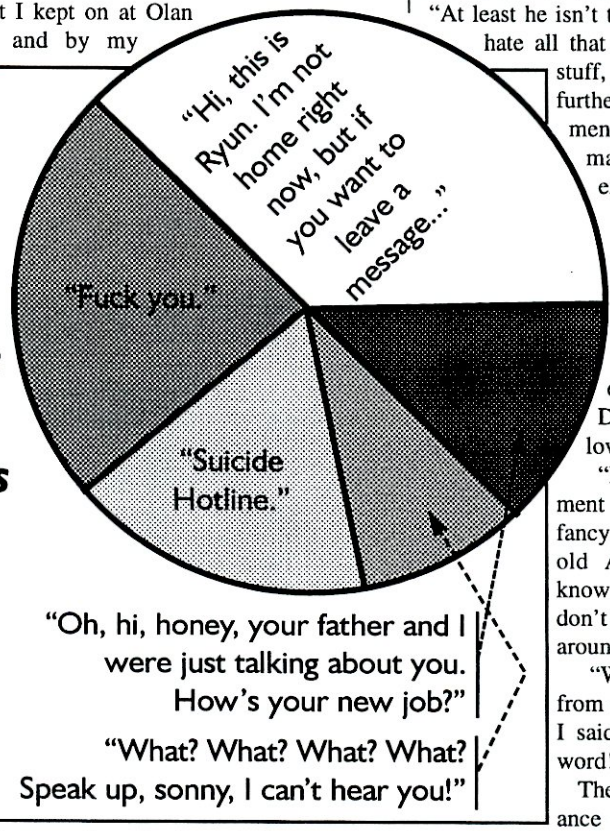
But I didn't sell any more portrait packages that evening. In fact, I spent the rest of the night calling the man's house and leaving my sales pitch on his answering machine. I went home that night, threw my "business casual" outerwear in the closet, and never went back to work.

The man never called again. Perhaps I didn't give him the "hard sell."

H

"Do I Wanna Buy a What?"

The Most Common Responses to Ryun's Family Portraits Sales Pitch


"Hi, this is Ryun. I'm not home right now, but if you want to leave a message..."
"Fuck you."
"Suicide Hotline."
"Oh, hi, honey, your father and I were just talking about you. How's your new job?"
"What? What? What? What? Speak up, sonny, I can't hear you!"

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In the Next Issue of HITCH

- The Seven Deadly Sins of *Gilligan's Island*
- Disaster Movies of the '70s
- Crashing a Kids' Invention Fair
- The STATS on Orchiectomy (Look It Up)
- ...and lots more if we ever get around to it, all in HITCH 14.

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Now Ear THIS

If I ran a record label, I'd see to it that Jenny McCarthy were on the cover of every CD released. I'm not, of course, so having her appear on just one disc is a good start. Naturally, she fronts the aptly titled ***Jenny McCarthy's Surfin' Safari***, a breezy collection of beach-themed hits that you've heard all before.

However, unlike similar comp discs, this doesn't take the K-Tel approach where every track seems thrown on without reason. The tracks here – ranging from the classics (the Beach Boys' "Surfin' Safari") to the cool (Link Wray's "Rumble") – are hand-picked as favorites. Together, they flow like the waves on the credits to *Hawaii Five-O*, and that theme is on here, too! Radical! (And I would be amiss not to mention that the generous inside art of Jenny in an eensy-weensy, teeny-weeny, yellow polka dot bikini doesn't hurt one's enjoyment of the album, either.)

Unfairly brushed off as a nonserious composer, Henry Mancini is a god. Just think of all his tunes you can hum at the drop of a dime – "Peter Gunn," "The Pink Panther Theme," "A Shot in the Dark." Those and many, many other Mancini classics get the star treatment on one of the most enjoyable tribute albums ever assembled – ***Shots in the Dark*** (Donna/Del-Fi).

While the artists range from the obscure to the more obscure, every performance here is a winner. Nan Vernon's rendition of the classic "Moon River" will simultaneously soothe and haunt the hell out of you, while the Wondermints' take on "The Party" will get your toes a-tappin'. Man or Astroman? turns in a space-age reworking of the "Touch of Evil" theme, but The Jigsaw Seen waltzes off with the album's high point with the best version of "Baby Elephant Walk" that I've ever heard. Hank would've loved it.

Mancini has also found friends on ***Secret Agent S.O.U.N.D.S.*** (Mai Tai), an ultra-cool baker's dozen of spy themes broken down and reconstructed for consumption only by those who prefer their martinis shaken, not stirred.

Mancini's "Peter Gunn" and "A Shot in the Dark" are tackled here by Hillbilly Soul Surfers and Combustible Edison. Man or Astroman? takes on "Goldfinger," Laika & the Cosmonauts do "Mission: Impossible" and Deadbolt delivers a one-two punch of the "James Bond Theme" and "You Only Live Twice."

Even the few original compositions on the album (i.e. the Tiki Tones' "Traitor Vic") are able to effectively capture the cinematic superspy feel of the classics in their smoke-thick crunch of surf guitars.

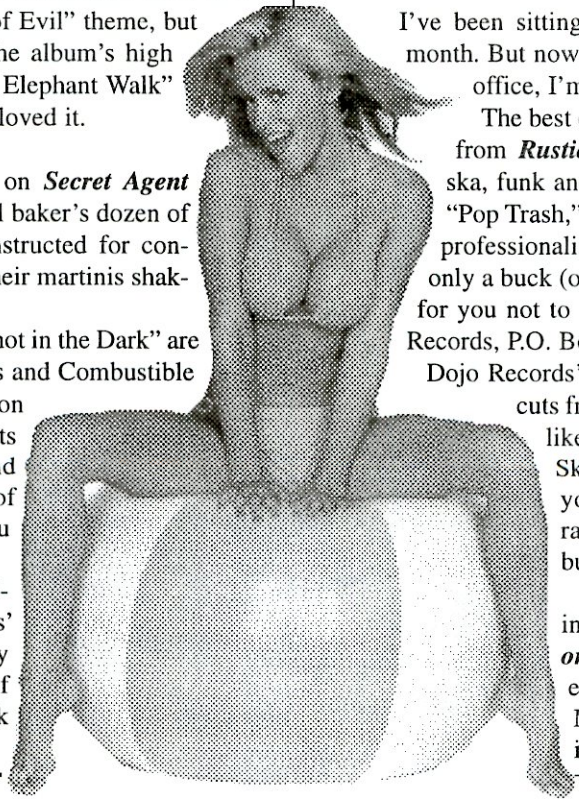
The CD itself doubles as a cryptograph, so by lining it up correctly, you can whittle away your time decoding a slew of secret messages hidden inside the packaging, like "All hail Mancini, Barry and Schiffrin." No argument here.

Grunge anthems get their just desserts in ***The Moog Cookbook*** (Restless), a one-shot album by ex-Jellyfish member Roger Manning and Brian Kehew. From the very first song, in which Soundgarden's "Black Hole Sun" is converted into something you'd expect to hear while getting a root canal, you know this is no ordinary cover album.

Thank God. All 10 songs have been deconstructed into something far from their original form. The electric guitars and drums are gone, only to have been replaced by lots of Moog synthesizers and the occasional doorbell. The end result is the audio equivalent of a Ritz cracker topped with spray-can cheese.

Green Day's "Basket Case" is turned into a mildly disturbing, candy-coated ditty your grandmother might tidy up to. By far the strangest element on the album is the disembodied computer voice that struggles to provide vocals for Tom Petty's "Free Fallin'," even if it doesn't pronounce all the words correctly.

Other artists getting the Moog skewer include Weezer, Neil Young, R.E.M., Pearl Jam, Rancid, Lenny Kravitz and Nirvana. Efforts like *The Moog Cookbook* are often classified – if not totally written off – as novelty records, but this one is far too funny, too clever and too listenable to be labeled as such.



I've been sitting on some indie releases for many a month. But now that I had to clean off the floor of my office, I'm finally getting around to them.

The best of the lot is a two-song sample cassette from ***Rustic Overtones***, a band that fuses rock, ska, funk and everything in between. The result is "Pop Trash," a song that really impressed me for its professionalism, yet without that Top 40 gloss. For only a buck (or three stamps), this is too inexpensive for you not to introduce yourself. Write to Ripchord Records, P.O. Box 264, Portland, Maine 04112.

Dojo Records' ***This Is Dojo: Sampler 1996*** collects cuts from their own vaults, ranging from acts like Motorhead, the Damned and the 4-Skins. Your tolerance for it depends upon your patience for punk. The music here ranges from the poppy to the putrid, so buyer beware.

From Germany comes Headcrash, an industrial punk outfit whose ***Overdose on Tradition*** basically rallies against everything all-American, from McDonald's to network TV. The music isn't bad until the vocals kick in,

because they're a little silly, especially delivered in a half-rap package. I did like the "Jock Anthem" cut, which is a fake commercial poking fun at Steven Seagal and his cronies.

Slightly better is Joykiller's ***Static***, but again, being a punk record, prepare yourself for a serious dose of repetition. Every song begins the same way – with a single click of the drumsticks followed half a beat later with a wall of guitar. No song really stands out, but I must commend the band for two things: 1) letting a piano player into the band, and 2) not taking a heady, "fuck the world" stance that I am sick and tired of hearing.

At the bottom o' the barrel: Skip Leon's "poetry" tape, ***Points of Departure***. Rather than slam it here, I opted to review the accompanying video, because it's twice the torture (skip ahead to the "Videos" section).

But you know, things can only get better....Can't they?

Last week I joined one of those record clubs. And, judging from the return address of "somewhere in New Jersey," I think it was a big mistake.

You know the deal – it's one of those things were you get, say, 11 compact discs for 39 cents, plus shipping and handling. The shipping involves just that – *actual real live ships!* – so the process is timely and expensive. Once your initial order arrives with the bill, it's like you got 11 compact discs for the price of 14. *What a deal!*

Out of fear they might track me down and kill me, I won't print the name of the club, but I think you might know exactly which one I'm speaking of. They promise the CDs are original and of the highest possible quality, or purchased second-hand from only the finest garage sales. If, for some reason, the CD you want is currently out of stock or illegal in your state, an 8-track will be substituted, and for only a minimal charge.

For such a service, they ask that you please purchase only 15 more selections before your next change of clothes. After that, you're free to cancel your membership, which must be done in a court of law. They are represented by a man from Vito's One-Stop Lawyer Shop.

They also ask that you seal all envelopes with blood and name your first-born son "Clive."

On the application, you are asked the obvious (name, address, phone), along with "next of kin." They also ask that you check the box next to the genre of music you enjoy the most. The application reads, "Please check one and only one box, though you are always free to choose from any category, though doing so requires you to purchase three more selections within the next two weeks."

The categories they ask you to pick from are as follows:

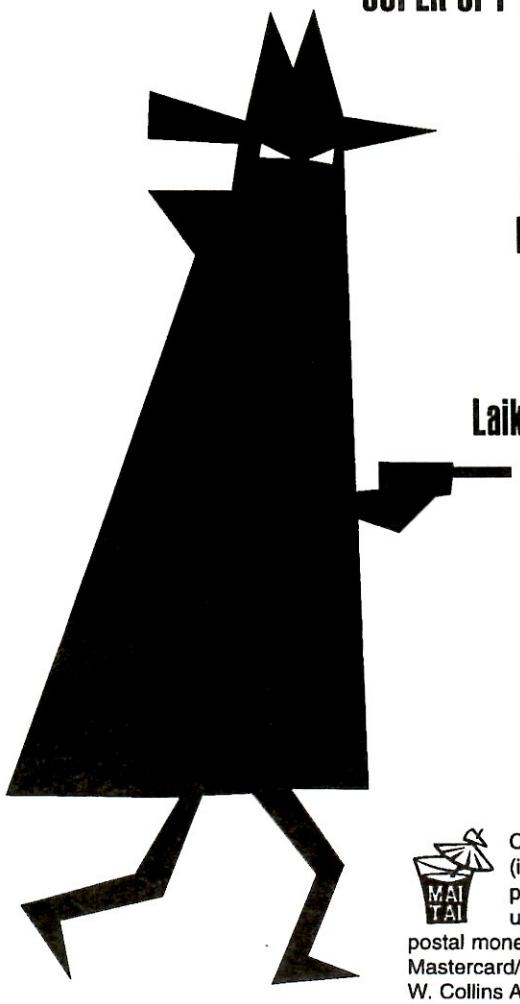
- Banal Pop Hits
- Country Songs Involving Trucks
- Toto's Greatest Hits
- Way-Cool Death Metal
- The Songs of Andrew Lloyd Webber
- Jaunty Melodies to Sing Along with While Traveling Down Rivers on a Raft Made of Logs

I chose Toto.

And I didn't realize this, because I failed to read the fine print, but signing up for their record club also signed me up for the movie club as well. It should be easier to complete the requirements for that membership, as I need only to buy six films starring Dolph Lundgren.

H

SECRET AGENT
S.O.U.N.D.S.



SUPER-SPY INSTRUMENTALS BY
Combustible Edison
Deadbolt
Forbidden Dimension
Hillbilly Soul Surfers
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The Huntington Cads
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Seks Bomba
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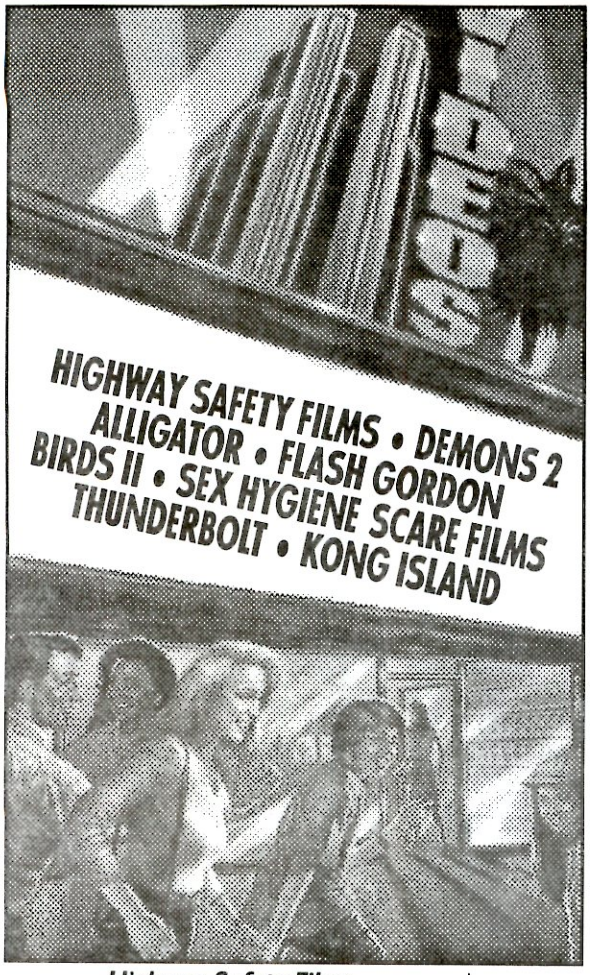
MAI TAI

CD: $15. LP: $11 US funds, (includes international shipping). Please send payment using international money order, postal money order, US bank draft or Mastercard/Visa to Mai Tai Records, 841 W. Collins Ave., Orange, CA 92667 USA.



Highway Safety Films
(1992)
Something Weird Video
★★★★☆

This quartet of '50s driver's ed scare stories from the demented crazies of the Ohio Highway Patrol has more dead bodies than *Schindler's List*, *Gettysburg* and Romero's *Living Dead* trilogy combined – and these lifeless hunks of flesh are real!

Highway Safety Films begins with these scrolling titles: "This is not a Hollywood production, as can readily be seen. The quality is below their standards." Though grainy and filmed by amateurs, I think they're *certainly* far and above the likes of Tinseltown output like *Houseguest* and *3 Ninjas Knuckle Up*.

"Also unlike Hollywood, our actors are paid nothing," the titles continue. "Most of the actors in these movies are bad actors and received top billing only on a tombstone."

The infamous *Signal 30* – cop lingo for "traffic fatality" – kicks off the tape, with smoldering cattle and a driver blown through the bottom of his car into "a mass of charred flesh." *Mechanized Death* opens with a gasping woman trapped under her steering column. One young man dies when his car hits an exit sign, which the narrator creepily deems "appropriate...it was his exit, too." Not even a 5-month-old baby is able to survive the crashes photographed within, or the 14-year-old boy of whom the Prof. Positive Narrator says, "The family will miss him in their new life...wherever and whenever they may resume it."

Wheels of Tragedy is the finest of the lot, foremostly because it uses cheap skits to tell the stories behind the wrecks. It's the first day on the job for a new patrolman, and on a holiday weekend, no less! In the most embarrassing (and telling for the times) sketch, two black guys argue a la *Amos 'N' Andy* over whether or not to stop for a break. They don't, and plow into the rear end of a semi, whose redneck driver screams, "Slow down, you fool!"

Given the repeated mentions of a cup of joe in this segment, you'd think these films were subsidized by the coffee industry. The frosh copper asks his worldly partner in unfeeling deadpan, "Why? Why did this have to happen?" Replieth the grisly vet, "That's just the point: It didn't."

So hardened is this man that he warns his new partner of the worst part: breaking the news of deaths to the families. As we watch, he promises to "break it to them gently," yet makes the worried parents guess what happened!

The oft-cheesy narration grows even worse in *Highways of Agony*, when a station wagon driven by a hitchhiker hits a truck carting morning papers. "The impact," we are told, "made front-page news."

Toy cars and trains are utilized to warn of the dangers of railroad crossings, and to illustrate their tasteful point, the film ends with a long tracking shot of people of all ages, creeds and colors lined up dead on the center line.

All four films serve to reinforce the same lessons: 1) Young people = stupid drivers. 2) New fathers = stupid drivers. 3) Blacks = stupid drivers. 4) Ohio patrolmen = angels of mercy. 5) When driving for long periods of time, take 10 out of 2.

And you, cautious reader, should take two hours soon to watch this archaic record of triple-A carnage.

Killer Tomatoes Strike Back
(1990)
Fox Video
★★★★☆

In this, the third installment in the *Attack of the Killer Tomatoes* series, Professor Gangreen (John Astin) disguises himself as a talk show host in a diabolical plot to again take over the world via tomatoes.

Yep, it's as mindless as the others, but in the case of this series, that's an asset. The humor bends more toward the absurd in this one, yet still considers turning the requisite babe into a BLT to be a fitting climax. The self-referential stuff really works this time, particularly with the post-movie locker-room wrap-up show during the closing credits.

Cover Me
(1995)
Paramount Home Video
★★★☆☆

Hey, kids: *Playboy*'s makin' movies! And if *Cover Me* – the first of a trio of direct-to-video releases from the House That Hugh Built – is any indication, Shannons Tweed and Whirry had better watch their milky-white behinds.

Devilishly cute Courtney Taylor, who previously vamped it up in *Prom Night III: The Last Kiss*, plays a gorgeous, non-lesbian female cop who goes undercover as a centerfold model (and then, logically, a stripper) to snare Dimitri, a serial killer who has cottoned to killing gatefolds. Stranger, Dimitri seduces and then offs these torso-stapled beauts while in drag, replete with dripping makeup and the bubbly voice.

Dimitri does this because, as we are shown in grainy flashbacks, his momma used to force him into girl's clothing as a child. Meanwhile, Ms. Taylor won't quit stripping, because, as we are shown in slow-motion dances, she likes having a wad of dollar bills shoved in her panties by the hands of greasy strangers.

Cover Me is as laughable as Taylor is perky, and usually garners the biggest chuckles during the sex scenes, which feature intri-

Videos reviewed in **HITCH** receive star ratings based not on artistic merit, but on levels of enjoyment, from ★☆☆☆☆ (as much fun as a funeral) to ★★★★★ (fun, fun, fun 'til daddy takes the TV away).

cate light shows, rear projection images and, when the director feels like it, booby.

ER's Rick Rossovich was the lucky man who won the role as Taylor's cop boyfriend. Plumpy Paul Sorvino yuks it up as Rossovich's cop partner until he gets strangled sitting in his car. *L.A. Law* has-been Corbin Bernsen plays a porno king, and thoroughly convinced me of his oilyness. But it's Taylor who rules the show here. While it's doubtful her career will ever take her higher than this, she's worth the watch.

Mad Monster Party
(1966)
Embassy Home Video
★★★★☆

Those Rankin-Bass Christmas specials with the stop-motion puppet animation are cool, so it was a pleasant surprise to run across *Mad Monster Party*, a feature-length movie using the same process.

Boris Karloff lends his voice to his puppet alter-ego as a mad scientist bent on retirement. His clumsy, Jimmy Stewart-esque nephew is pegged to take over, much to the chagrin of all the monsters – and I do mean *all* the monsters – Dracula, Frankenstein, the Mummy, the Wolfman, the Creature from the Black Lagoon, the Invisible Man, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the Hunchback of Notre Dame and Phyllis Diller.

The script, co-penned founder Harvey Kurtzman of *Mad* Magazine fame, treads a fine line of satire and is subversive enough to lob a few innuendos at the expense of Karloff's incredibly voluptuous assistant (for the record, the first and only time I've felt any magnetic attraction to a cartoon character).

Though I easily could have done without the four or five musical numbers that are sprinkled throughout, this is a lost treasure that kicks the crap out of anything Disney dares release.

Skip Leon: Politically Incorrect
(1996)
Martyred Artist
★☆☆☆☆

A good thing about doing **HITCH** is that, on occasion, a free video lands in the ol' P.O. Box. A bad thing about doing **HITCH** is that, more often than not, the aforementioned free video is along the lines of *Skip Leon: Politically Incorrect*.

Nothing more than a few-minutes-long poetry video, *Politically Incorrect* has Skip Leon, an enormous fat guy, dress up in a diaper while he reads – nay, *shouts* – the stanzas to his horrid "poem." It has something to do with sticking his jimmy into some poor girl's zeke. And I don't believe a second of it, because everybody knows that enormous fat guys (and enormous fat guys in diapers notwithstanding) don't get lovin'.

An oft-repeated refrain has Skip screaming, "I'm a man, gahdammit!" over and over. No, you're not, Skip, you're just an enormous fat guy who let a camera film him wearing Huggies Pull-Ups while he spouted some nonsense that any right-minded English teacher (or, hell, any right-minded Vietnamese teacher, for that matter) would affix with a big, red "F."

Skip sells this video in return for American currency. If you'd like to purchase it, write to: P.O. Box...oh, what's the point?

Dr. Heimlich's Home First-Aid Video
(1987)
MCA/Universal Home Video
★★☆☆☆

The world-renowned Dr. Henry J. Heimlich, with his bald head and flaring nostrils, looks like Sid Caesar on a bender and sounds like Christopher Walken, eerie phrasing and all. Thus, it is hard for me to see him as competent, especially when in the first scene, he straddles a woman lying the floor, pushing on her chest with both hands and calling it "an act of love."

I don't care if he did create the Heimlich Maneuver; the man is still scary and dubious. If a person's choking, there's Henry, talking about pushing on the diaphragm, and coming up from behind and wrapping his slimy tentacles around some innocent young woman.

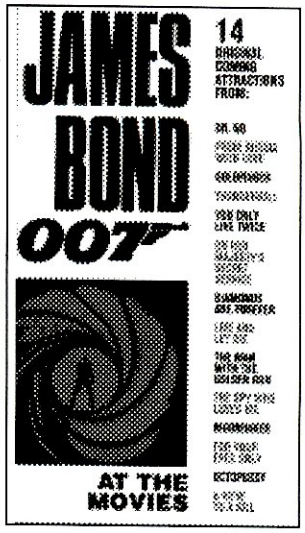
The other people in this video are even stranger. In the section on wood splinters, some wimp dumps his load of logs as if he'd just had a massive coronary. On animal bites, some simpleton prods the face of a German shepherd with a twig. Some toddler is shown gnawing away on an electrical cord.

The tape gets grislier as it goes on, with shots of severly blistered arms, as well as a prodigious flow of blood from a little girl's knee. This latter scene actually proves quite touching, as her mother consoles her: "See the blood, dear? See how it flows? The blood is getting rid of the germs. And when the blood is all gone, it will start to heal again!" The cake, however, is taken by the oaf who somehow drops an open container of drain cleaner right into his face. *Aaaiiieeeee!*

Henry ends the tape by telling viewers not to pick their noses. Really.

James Bond at the Movies
(1992)
Brentwood Home Video
★★★★☆

Collected here are each of the original trailers for every Sean Connery and Roger Moore outing (save for the exclusion of *Never Say Never Again*) as Ian Fleming's super-suave secret agent James Bond 007.



Fourteen in all, most hail from the pre-MTV era of coming attractions where the announcer detailed the story and gave away many plot points.

It's a kick to watch these, especially on the heels of MGM/UA's boxed and remastered re-releases of the Bond adventures. Among the best trailers are *Goldfinger*, *The Spy Who Loved Me* and *Diamonds Are Forever*. Though the quality of the prints are questionable, any Bond fan will appreciate such a collection. And the exclusion of Timothy Dalton only furthers that argument. Speaking of arguments, this tape is an ideal medium for comparing the Bond girls. Honor Blackman still gets my vote.

Possessed by the Night
(1993)
RCA/Columbia Home Video
★★★☆☆

Saddled with writer's block, a novelist makes his way into a Chinese curio shop, where he plunks down big bucks on a jar containing a one-eyed brain monster floating in icky water. This naturally helps him to concentrate and finish his latest book. It also makes him want to have sex with his secretary, Shannon Tweed. (Hey, jar monster or no jar monster...)

Everytime it bubbles, in fact, someone gets horny or murderous. Sometimes both. During one heated round of intercourse, the guy and Shannon start slapping the crap out of each other. The boom mike makes it way into frame once.

Who knows what mystical powers lie within this creature in the jar? The end hints at an evil Chinese curse. Chinese are funny!

Mortal Kombat
(1995)
New Line Home Video
★★★★☆

Sure, it's junk, but it's good junk, and if you've seen it once, you've seen it five times – but there's something about *Mortal Kombat* that sets it so far above every martial arts movie that has come down the proverbial pipeline of late.

Maybe it's the vibrant, colorful style in which it's directed, or the self-mocking script or the top-notch special effects. Most likely, it's the three likable leads who just don't know the meaning of the phrase "Please refrain from kicking."

Kombat (responsible for a whole generation who are going to misspell the work "combat" from here on out) begins with a bang and never lets up. Fight scenes break out on a dime, propelled by techno-metal music until their bitter ends – lather, rinse, repeat.

If you're able to get past Christopher Lambert in a fright wig and the mere fact that you're watching a movie whose source is an arcade game, you might find *Kombat* to be a fun ride. While it may not be measurably more cerebral, it's imbued with the strength of a hundred *King of the Kickboxers*.

The Atomic Submarine
(1959)
Sinister Cinema
★☆☆☆☆

Other than an extra-terrestrial being taking over an American atomic submarine, tain't much happening in *The Atomic Submarine*, a standard 1950s, B&W sci-fi fantasy.

In fact, I don't remember what the hell happened, except that this alien zaps some crew members on minimal sets (read: lots of black drapes) and bosses people around. Seeing as how it all takes place on a submarine, there's some water involved, too.

Now if only Sean Connery's grizzly Russian sub commander had encountered this otherworldly brute, we'd have a *real* movie.

Strays
(1991)
MCA/Universal Home Video
★★☆☆☆

Mean cats make a nice family's life a living hell. Considering that the mom is Kathleen Quinlan, you feel sorry for them, until you remember that dad is Timothy Busfield, and then you root for the cats. These pussies are vicious, but there's too much conversation and not enough tabbies leaping onto men's heads. Aside from the fact that Shaun Cassidy penned this cable-made crap, the creepiest thing about it is seeing Busfield smooching. Eeyew – I wanted to give myself a tongue bath.

Thunderbolt
(1995)
bootleg
★★★★★

As always, something gets lost in the translation of Jackie Chan's latest action spectacle (indeed, the inspiring theme song begins, "A boost only is no hero / And Jack and Jill can be swell for a moment"), but what survived intact is a cause for celebration.

Jackie plays an auto mechanic forced to burn rubber as a race car driver against a mysterious blonde Euro-speedster who has kidnapped Jackie's annoying sisters. On his way to the track, Jackie stages some spectacular fights, most notably in a multi-level auto repair shop and a pachinko parlor. In the latter, Chan and company end up duking it out on trampolines suspended above the gaming area.

With the fight choreographed as splendidly as a ballet, it's a pleasant surprise to see the racing scenes pulled off with equal panache. Scheduled for a wide theatrical release stateside later this year, *Thunderbolt* is one of Jackie's very best.

My Baby Is Black
(1961)
Something Weird Video
★★★★☆

Here's a textbook example of a true exploitation film – an on-the-cheap word of warning on a particular social ill – in this case, racism – that engages in the very subject it claims to decry! The opening three minutes of *My Baby Is Black* – though far from politically correct – are an absolute classic.

The rest of the film, though, is not as in-your-face. In fact, it's a somber, limply acted, robot-dubbed, French-lensed, melodramatic seriotragedy about a white Parisian girl attracted to a visting handsome black med student (whose voice sounds dubbed by a cracker). Together, they hold hands, laugh hysterically at nothing, express their love in voice-over and have lots of unprotected sex. They don't have conversations *per se*; they speak in despair-drenched soliloquies so serious you'd think they're aching to set them to iambic pentameter.

As the title tells, missy gets preggers, to which her father responds by attempting to coerce her into an abortion, which he justifies thusly: "It is not a sin to get rid of a dirty stain." The most racist segment comes in a bizarre moment of comic relief as a black child tells the police about asking the butcher for some ham, only to be smeared with lard and shoved into the fridge. The butcher's reply: "I was only joking."

AT LAST!
The most controversial shock story of our time... finally reaches the screen!
MY BABY IS BLACK!
STAN BORDEN presents
FOR MATURE ADULTS ONLY
Distributed by American Film Distributing Corp.
CONCEIVED IN LOVE ..DELIVERED INTO HATE!

The film is full of skewed analogies, particularly from the academic voice of reason who reasons, "Racism is like a lot of ants....All ants must be trampled." Our colored hero, however, argues, "I can't agree with what you're saying, professor. I like ants very much."

The Paperboy
(1994)
Republic Pictures Home Video
★★★☆☆

As Johnny, the psycho pre-teen of the title, Marc Marut makes cinematic history, I believe, by giving the single worst performance *ever* by a child. Cursed with freckles and the range of a dime-store water pistol, everything Marut says or does as he obsesses over single-mom neighbor Alexandra Paul is downright laughable, thus negating any "horror" the film purports to contain. In one scene, Paul comes home to find Marut in her kitchen. "What are you doing here, Johnny?" she asks.

"Apples," he replies. "I'm peeling apples!"

"Get out!" she screams.

"Aw, c'mon," he says, disappointed. "Won't you make me an apple pie?"

A later scene, in which Johnny flips out as he spies on Paul getting down 'n' dirty with William Katt is an indescribable, absolute riot, cementing Marut's footnote status in modern American cinema.

The Birds II: Land's End
(1994)
MCA/Universal Home Video
★★★☆☆

Part of what has allowed Alfred Hitchcock's *The Birds* to live on as one of his

most enduring masterpieces was its unapologetic, ambiguous ending. So why spoil that lingering note of ominousness with a sequel? Don't know, but leave it to the cable brass at Universal to follow up *Psycho IV: The Beginning* with the startling weak *The Birds II: Land's End.*

Dim bulb Brad Johnson and dim babe Chelsea Field transplant their two tots to an island shore town for the summer. Hoping for a season of R&R, they instead end up being divebombed by stark-raving-mad seagulls. The process is so routine that there's no suspense to be had here, but it's not without its cheap pleasures. It's also not without its problems, either, which led me to ask these questions:

1) Why was the brother writing team behind the cute and cuddly Ewok TV-movies assigned to this? 2) Why is Tippi Hedren here, playing an insignificant character completely different from her role in the original? 3) How did the shot with the boom mike escape the editor's notice? 4) Why did director Rick Rosenthal take his name off this, since it's certainly more entertaining than his *Russkies*?

At least the girls get to find a washed-up body with its eyes pecked out, and their dog fails to survive an onslaught by owls. But what a cop-out ending: The birds simply fly away. Hey, I may have sat through all two hours of this, but I'm not *that* stupid.

Viva Santo and His Pals
(1994)
Something Weird Video
★★★☆☆

Everyone's favorite overweight Mexican wrestler with a mask, a cape and an ability to put wolfmen in headlocks like no other – Santo, in case I didn't narrow it down enough for you – is celebrated with this bone-crunchin' compilation of his greatest triumphs, both in and out of the ring.

It is the in-ring footage that I started to find tedious. There's only so much wrestling my mind can take before my brain shuts down. The out-of-ring stuff, however, gives this tape its delirious kick: Santo fights fanged babes, Santo tackles zombies, Santo packs a wallop to a slow-moving, human-eating blob – all in scenes from such south-of-the border masterpieces as *Santo vs. the Vampire Women*, *Santo vs. the Murderer of TV* and *Santo vs. the Diabolical Hatchet* (see accompanying sidebar for a full checklist of Santo's cinematic exploits). Occasionally, his pal Blue Demon to join in the creature-hunting fun, as in the brevity-knocking title *Santo and the Blue Demon in Atlantis vs. the Monsters.*

If the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences ever saw it fit to award Santo a Lifetime Achievement Oscar (and they won't), the clips have already been selected,

and they're all on this collection.

Razorback
(1983)
Warner Home Video
★☆☆☆☆

After his wife is murdered in the Australian outback while researching a rash of kangaroo slaughters, Gregory Harrison goes down under to find her killers. And whom does he discover? A gigantic, sweaty, stinky, hairy, blood-spitting boar with mammoth tusks and teeth to match. Dr. Gonzo's reaction? "Kiss my ass," he dares. (Ooh, he's sooooo cool!)

Directed with all the grungy atmosphere and quick edits he used so freely in *Highlander*, Russell Mulcahy hits new lows by employing a POV cam for his ferocious beast, of whom we see only a head poking into frame now and then.

Kids Commercials from the Golden Age of Television: Volume I
(1994)
Something Weird Video
★★★★☆

No wonder the world is so screwed up – since the advent of TV, America's commercials have bombarded children of all ages with such questionable messages as: 1) Guns are fun. 2) War is bitchin'. 3) Shaking up chemicals is perfectly safe. 4) Every little girl should have a baby. 5) Eschewing Nabisco Fig Newtons for the generic brand will cause lightning to shoot from your ass.

But they're fun anyway. And of the hundreds of vintage spots assembled for this two-hour time warp, a good 90 percent of them practice a disturbing trend of having *everything* rhyme. From rare to revered and strange to sublime, *Kids Commercials* unearths plenty of wonderful gems: Vincent Price plays "Hangman," tots release their Beany-Copters in orgasmic glee and children humiliate one another with the game "Pie-Face," in which wet sponges topped with whipped cream are sadistically hurdled at the faces of unluncky playmates.

Some of the ads are vaguely sexual: a heated familial game of "Twister," Mom enjoys lubing lil' Johnny's chest up with Vicks VapoRub and a narrator extolls the virtues of an erector set by declaring, "Erector has *exciting* appeal for *all* boys!"

Many more are scary: a doll that waves, a Sugar Plum hair dryer that resembles an electric chair, a girl tells her Baby Pataburp that she "could just eat you up," circus clowns hawk Snickers bars and, most ominous, a trinity of Stepford children listen intently as their Randi Reader doll recites monotone tales about spiders harrassing young girls.

From tuffies like G.I. Joe and Dick Tracy to relative wimps like the Lone Ranger and Casper, they're all to be found here.

Kong Island
(1968)
Sinister Cinema
★☆☆☆☆

A group of beefy, indistinguishable white guys make a trek though the dense jungle, encounter stock footage of various wild animals and then repeat this process. Finally, they come across a rogue gang of robot gorillas (clearly guys in suits) who has snatched away a fellow (but much more curvy) safarigoer. While not trekking or encountering stock footage, they also meet a dark-skinned jungle woman whose long hair strategically covers her breasts. She can say two words: "Noomba" and "Hymie," the latter of which, I gathered, is the name of her trusty chimp. While watching, I was only able to say one word: "Zzzzz."

Alligator
(1980)
Lightning Home Video
★★★★★

Alligator II: The Mutation
(1990)
New Line Home Video
★★★☆☆

I'm sure the producers of *Alligator* thought they had commissioned a *Jaws* ripoff, but what they got instead was a whip-smart script by John Sayles that spends about as much time brooding over male pattern baldness than it does scouring the sewers for a giant reptile.

As jokey as Joe Dante's *Piranha*, *Alligator* finds grizzled deadpan cop Robert Forster searching the city's bowels for the title beast. Wickedly funny yet providing a few real shocks (as a child, I was haunted by the

What's New?

While this video section remains among **HITCH**'s most popular pages, it is not very accessible for those readers in the mainstream (read: your parents). With that in mind, we got on the horn with our local video store and asked which of Hollywood's latest hits we should review, so that our publication will be more aligned with the pulse of the general populace.

With that in mind, here is our first crack at "New Release Reviews Sanitized for Your Protection."

It Takes Two – Those *Full House* twins Mary Kate and Ashley Olson create comedy calamity as they turn the tables on their folks by switching identities. I hate these pug-nosed bitches. I wish they would die. This movie sucks.

The American President – Michael Douglas stars in a romantic comedy that's neither romantic nor funny, but it sucks.

The Bridges of Madison County – A weepy relationship movie, which, by definition alone, sucks.

Under Siege 2: Dark Territory – Tuffie Steven Seagal rides a train, bakes a cake and sings a quasi-gospel song he wrote about riding a train. Oh, and sucks.

Thanks to Rick with Blockbuster Video for recommending we review these new releases (but that's not a plug for his blue 'n' yellow store). I asked what the most popular ones of these were and he said, "*Bridges of Madison County* and *The American President*."

I asked him why that was and he said, "Anything new is popular, really. It has a lot to do with the fact that it's brand-new and has recognizable names." (Those Blockbuster folks have this thing down to a science!)

I then asked Rick, "Do you have anything with dogs in it?"

"Dogs?" the perplexed Rick asked.

"Yeah, dogs," I said. "Cute dogs."

"*Beethoven*," he said.

Ah, *Beethoven*. It sucks, too.

Dungeonmaster Charles Band, surrounded by other cheap creations.

scene where the little boy is pushed into the gator-infested swimming pool), it is the only good movie that Lewis Teague has ever directed.

With none of the self-depreciating humor of the original, the in-name-only sequel pales in comparison. With Joseph Bologna in the lead, you'd expect it to not play so seriously, but it does. It has a decidely '80s feel to it, too, with all the synth pop and pro wrestlers, but it's not all a waste. Despite (or probably because of) a particularly fake-looking crocodile, it holds one's interest. Of course, as I must disclaim, I was on Percocet at the time of viewing, so my judgment could have been clouded.

The Dungeonmaster
(1983)
Lightning Home Video
★★★☆☆

Charles Band's attempt to cash in on the Dungeons & Dragons craze is, well, crazy. Big computer dork Jeffrey Byron somehow gets warped into the underworld (this is never explained), where he must save his girlfriend by doing battle with Satan, logically played by *Night Court*'s Richard Moll. To win, he must prove victorious in Satan's seven challenges. Each of these "challenges" is directed by a different talentless director, including Band.

Thus, Byron does battle with desert warriors, a cave gnome, mute midgets, a stone creature, frozen people, a slasher and a horned demon puppet named Ratspit. Unfortunately, there's no suspense generated because all Byron does is punch a button or two on his computer wristband and it shoots a laser to take care of anything and everything. Through it all, he spouts nerdy dialogue like, "I reject your reality and I substitute my own!"

A hair over an hour long, *Dungeonmaster* is a prime example of the Band catalog. Everything in this movie – the haircuts, the fashions, the effects, the art direction (but primarily the appearance of hair-metal band W.A.S.P.) – scream, "I am from the '80s!"

Do or Die
(1991)
RCA/Columbia Home Video
★★★☆☆

It's another installment of Andy Sidaris' guilty-pleasure series of T&AK-47 action opuses. While this one is chock full of all the standard elements – Playmates, guns, explosions and remote-control aircraft – *plus* the added fun of Pat Morita, Erik Estrada and the inexplicably bosomed Pandora Peaks – it's just not quite up to snuff.

Bouncy Dona Spier and Roberta Vasquez are on hand as usual as federal agents out to quash the mystical Asian overlord Kane, this time played by Morita. Estrada plays a guy named Rico, and refers to his penis as "Little Rico." (Hey, at least he's honest.) Thanks to Peaks, the breasts are bigger than ever, but something just doesn't gel.

The Sidaris glue, whatever it is, isn't laid on as thick here as in his other sexy spysters like *Fit to Kill*. Still, it's Sidaris, which means worthy viewing no matter what.

Sex Hygiene Scare Films: Volume I
(1996)
Something Weird Video
★★★★☆

So even at the age of 25, I guess there were still some things I hadn't learned about sex. After watching *Sex Hygiene Scare Films*, however, I've realized they were things I didn't *want* or *need* to know.

Take, for instance, the wartime, military-commissioned short *Sex Hygiene*, in which we first are shown an *illustration* that would put most men to shame. As if I, a non-athlete, sought further humiliation, the narrator then

says, "Overuse (of the sex organs) may have an exhausting effect, as *all* athletes know."

Then we get to see the actual diseased privates of actual diseased privates. Some have open abcesses on their groins. Others have chancres on their torpedoes as big as jawbreakers, at which the doctors tug and poke with unnerving force. Worse, a guy with gonorrhea effortlessly squeezes out a drop of pus for the good doc to slop onto a slide. To further upset the viewer, a serviceman – following a comprehensive soaping-up at the sink – injects a tube of ointment *directly* into his urethra. *Yeeipes!*

The rest of the shorts, while fun, pale in comparsion shock-wise. *Forbidden Desires* suggests that jitterbug dancing leads to syphilis. *Human Reproduction* gives adults a full gynecological explanation of the birds and the bees. *A Quarter Million Teenagers* is mostly animated, but does sport a few graphic pics of girls with open sores on their lips.

The AMPAS-produced *Know for Sure* teaches Italian stereotypes that fooling around can yield only tragic consequences ("I kill my bambino!" a man screams after his syphillitic son is stillborn). Later, in the same short, a football player gets a shot carelessly filled with air bubbles. *Yeeouch!*

Lastly, the guys in *Damaged Goods* go out for a night on the town watching a stripper that looks like your mom and then drinking with pound escapees/whores that look like your mom's friends. One fella picks "something up." (From the earlier reels, we can take this to mean he's got rocks on his balls and/or a leaky faucet head.) In a poor choice of words, his physician assures him, "We'll be able to lick 'em before it does any real danger!"

Excuse me, but *lick* syphillis? *Yeegads!*

Excessive Force II: Force on Force
(1995)
New Line Home Video

★★☆☆☆

This movie is most notable for having half of the words in its title be "force." Cutie-pie Stacie Randall, who looks like a girl I lusted after in my high school Spanish class, is a cop who likes to kick guys. Sometimes, though, her martial art powers are interrupted by these bangeroo headaches that cause her to look at her drapes upside-down.

The best line comes when a prisoner surveys his breakfast: "Pancakes, sausage, *CRAP!*" Though Randall is easy to take, this is a routine actioner at best.

Wheels of Terror
(1990)
Paramount Home Video

★☆☆☆☆

Stick rural bus driver Joanna Cassidy in a cat-and-mouse chase across the desert with a mysterious black car whose driver is never seen, and what do you get? A lifeless imitation of *Duel*.

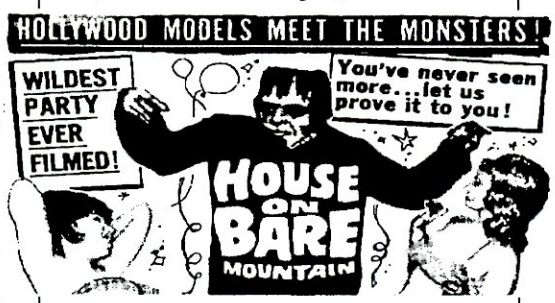
Director Christopher Cain's lone new element is having the car kidnap little girls, but the film as a whole is the very definition of "repetitive." By the time Cassidy tricks the car into running off a cliff, you've already asked, "Really, what's the point?"

Frank Henenlotter's Sexy Shockers Psycho Reel
(1994)
Something Weird Video

★★★★★

Horny gorillas! Spiders that look like malnourished baby sparrows! A whip-happy butch dominatrix that bears more than a passing resemblance to Citadel dropout Shannon Faulkner!

To promote his Something Weird series of rare, lewd cinematic cheapies, *Frankenhooker* director Frank Henenlotter has excised his favorite scene from each of 30 films like *Horrors of Spider Island*, *The House on Bare Mountain* and *The Girl from S.I.N.* The result is a 100-minute smorgasbord of nekkid gals and raging beasts that plays like a greatest-hits countdown of exploitation's extremes. Briskly paced with surprises at every turn, there's something here to offend everyone and delight to rest of us.


HOLLYWOOD MODELS MEET THE MONSTERS!
WILDEST PARTY EVER FILMED!
You've never seen more...let us prove it to you!
HOUSE ON BARE MOUNTAIN

Torture Garden
(1967)
RCA/Columbia Home Video

★★★☆☆

As sideshow operator Dr. Diablo, Burgess Meredith shows four unwitting carnival-goers how they're going to die, in a slightly above-average anthology film from Amicus, thanks to a Robert Bloch script.

The first man finds himself under the mind control of a head-feasting cat that tells him to murder relatives, while Jack Palance gets trapped in the bowels of a home with the resurrected Edgar Allan Poe. One woman's starstuck jealousy gets the best of her, while another is chased around a parlor by a killer piano. Yes, a killer piano, and it even plays the funeral march as it pursues the ingenue.

As always, there's the requisite shock ending, and it's a corny one: Burgess sprouts horns. He's the devil, you see!

Frankenstein Created Woman
(1967)
N/A

★★★★☆

The oddly titled *Frankenstein Created Woman* is one of Hammer's best monster movies, and it's technically monster-free.

Recreating his role as Dr. Frankenstein, Peter Cushing joins the soul of a wrongly executed peasant with the body of his suicidal lover. Horribly scarred before her drowning, she's becomes busty and super-foxy after Frank works his scalpel magic, allowing her to seduce those who wronged her and her boyfriend, and kill them.

The villians in this one are as reviled and hated as any the screen has ever seen, and I found myself cheering when they got their just desserts.

Safety on the Job: First Aid for Accidents
(1985)
AIMS Media

★★★★★

If you've ever had the urge to see a graphically juicy educational short in which a man falls off a tower, a woman nearly slices her hand off with a sheet of metal and another man dumps a barrel of acid on his chest, then *Safety on the Job* is your unusually gory ticket to a 15-minute paradise of instructional bliss.

When the guy falls off the steam drain tower as this mini-opus begins, a woman tells her hard-hatted co-workers to summon an ambulance, "and be sure to give them the address!" She also scorns their efforts to give the non-moving man a drink of coffee. The narrator informs all dumb people in the audience, "As a rule, scalp wounds bleed profusely," and proves it, lest you be a non-believer.

The scene of the man taking an unwanted acid trip is classic bad acting. Meanwhile, the section involving the clumsy woman in danger of losing a hand raises some doubts as to whether the advice within should be followed to a T, as the foreman grips her gushing arm, with no regard to the possibility of contracting AIDS. As the emergency team takes her away, he nonchalantly wipes up with a dirty rag as he chides his crew for not knowing what had to be done.

Demons 2
(1987)
Best Film and Video

★★★★☆

Following the same formula that made *Demons* a worthy gore entry, Dario Argento

and Lamberto Bava score again with *Demons 2*. This time, the action is claustrophobically confined to a high-rise apartment building, as opposed to the original's movie theater. The team makes good use of this setting, too, often lending it a voyeuristic, *Rear Window* feel.

One demon escapes from a horror film on TV, and turns a viewer into a demon. Then she goes and turns others into bloodthirsty bastards, too, until virtually everyone is converted, including a little boy, a baby and a dog.

While it is predictable to a fault, it is still fun to watch. Argento is a master of the gore film, applying a liberal polish of style to bring it above its brothers of the genre. Again, this *Demons*' biggest liability is the crappy heavy-metal soundtrack.

Body Chemistry 4
(1995)
N/A
★★☆☆☆

Shady suspect Shannon Tweed decides to check out her married laywer's legal briefs in hopes to help her case. To get on his good side, she gives him an oral exam in his office's break room. Won over, they do a little gavel-bashing atop a car in a parking garage, in an elevator and at his home on the dining room table – even Pledge won't mask *that* evidence.

Thoroughly routine (Shannon likes to hump? Who'da guessed?) and unconnected to the first three *Body Chemistry* clunkers, this Jim Wynorski-directed entry also has the misfortune of allowing Andrew Stevens to have a brief role. Two stars for sista Shannon.

The Swarm
(1978)
Warner Home Video
★★★★☆

This is disaster mogul Irwin Allen's epic killer bee movie that runs a distant second to *My Girl* in this issue's "Vox Populi." With Allen at the helm, it does not disappoint.

A swirling mass of millions of African bees swoop down and sting a bunch of people to death. They first do some damage at a military base, then take down a few helicopters and disrupt a family picnic before moving onto more fertile ground, like a busy schoolyard, where little first-graders are just waiting to get it. It's only a matter of time before Richard Chamberlain gets killed, and I admit to enjoying seeing his death the most.

Michael Caine is the stuffy scientist who knows all about the stingers. His partner in the effort, Katherine Ross, mostly just sits there and looks gorgeous. And what a supporting cast: Richard Widmark, wheelchair-bound Henry Fonda, Olivia de Havilland, a corpse-hugging Slim Pickens, Lee Grant, a pregnant Patty Duke Astin and Ben Johnson.

Caine and company throw everything at the bees in their attempts to appease their anger – firebombs, poison pellets, Fred MacMurray – but nothing seems to work. Finally, though, something does, and then you get this incredible, full-screen, closing-credit disclaimer: "The African killer bee portrayed in this film bears absolutely no relationship to the industrious, hard-working American honey bee to which we are indebted for pollinating vital crops that feed our nation." Like, were they really afraid of offending bees?

Flash Gordon
(1980)
MCA/Universal Home Video
★★★★★

Back in **HITCH** 9, I wrote that *Danger: Diabolik* was the best project schlock producer Dino DeLaurentiis ever bankrolled. I was wrong; somehow, I had forgotten about the immortal *Flash Gordon*.

Truth be told, I've never *forgotten* about this classic camp space opera – it just slipped into the recesses of my mind. But if there's ever a film that deserves six stars on a five-star scale, this is it.

Muscle-T'd Flash, a New York Jets quarterback who looks more like a surfer dude, accidentally ends up in a rocket en route to the planet Mongo, where he fights Emperor Ming the Merciless in order to save the planet Earth from impending destruction.

As portrayed by Sam J. Jones (whose showbiz experience, prior to this, was limited to being a contestant on *The Dating Game*), Flash is pretty much a simpering fool whose successes are due more to luck than brawn or brains. Witness his stupid dubbed lines: "I don't want to go to any moon! I have to rescue my friends and save the Earth!" and "You loony bird, get out of here!"

This film, which I saw in theaters twice when I was nine, is full of so many memorable moments:

- Flash in a whipping contest with Timothy Dalton on the slanted spike stage.
- The mean metal guy being thrown on said slanted spike stage by Flash, causing his eyes and tongue to bulge out.
- That scary tree-trunk monster thing that people stick their hands in to prove their bravado.
- Those nutty Hawkmen who spell out "THANKS FLASH" at the very end.
- Flat-chested Dale Arden (Melody Anderson) doing a horrible cheerleading routine when Flash starts hurling green balls at Ming's henchmen.
- Ming's glowing ring that makes Dale perform an impromptu erotic interpretitive dance number.
- Ming getting impaled by a rocket and oozing green blood.

Director Mike Hodges actually did a credible job with the special effects. The score by Queen helps to make the movie louder than it needs to be. The ending is sequel-ready, but alas, *Flash Gordon 2* was not to be.

Frankenstein
(1993)
Turner Home Entertainment
★☆☆☆☆

Mary Shelley's Frankenstein
(1994)
RCA/Columbia Home Video
★★★☆☆

Nothing will ever come close to Universal's chilling, black-and-white original, but Hollywood still churns out *Frankenstein* remakes. Many suck, while some – if you don't compare them to Karloff – are good.

The made-for-cable *Frankenstein* belongs in the former category. Patrick Bergin is the good doctor whose monster creation is actually like an unleashed alter ego, i.e. when the monster is shot, Bergin falls to the floor in writhing pain, too. A chintzy element, to be sure, topped only by Randy Quaid as the creature. *Randy Quaid?* ("You serious, Clark?") With a bald head and veined face, Quaid looks remarkably like the Toxic Avenger.

Besides pained performances, this *Frank*'s major problem is its sense of pacing – it has none. It is dreadfully slow.

Though heavily derided upon release, Kenneth Branaugh's *Mary Shelley's Frankenstein* is a marked improvement. Sure, Ken goes *waaay* overboard with his bare-chested theatrics in the lead role, but as a director, he imbues the piece with breakneck speed. And what art direction – the sets are beautifully bathed in blue.

To have the monster (here played by Robert DeNiro) endowed with a high IQ is a bit much, but at least the thing moves. I did not, however, want to see Bob's weenie.

Dr. Sex
(1964)
Something Weird Video
★★☆☆☆

Hiding behind an Italian pseudonym, cult fave Ted V. Mikels (*The Corpse Grinders*) directed this nudie-cutie comedy that combines exhibitionism with psychiatry.

In preparation for a textbook, three shrinks – Dr. Sex, Dr. Schmutz and Dr. Lovejoy – swap tales of their oversexed patients. One is actually a poodle that gets its doggy kicks watching its owner undress and soap up in the tub. Another is a quiet type who believes the mannequins he dresses are real, and thus, serves them coffee (this idea was expanded into 1987's rollicking comedy *Mannequin*). The funniest is the fat guy who has naked ghosts cleaning his house, prompting some priceless facial expressions from the slob.

At the end, the docs throw one wild shindig – so wild that Schmutz turns into a poodle. Huh? Exactly. *Dr. Sex* is impossible not to fast-forward through.

Horrible Horror
(1986)
Goodtimes Home Video
★★★★★

One of the first videos I ever bought, 10 years later, is still the best clip compilation program I've ever seen. Piloted by TV horror host Zacherley – who, unlike his peers like Elvira, is actually funny – the tape delivers the most outrageous scenes, trailers and rare footage from 50 horror and sci-fi sub-classics. The usuals – *Glen or Glenda* and *Killers from Space* – are in good company with more bizarre fare like *The Brainiac* and *Spider Baby*.

At nearly two hours and with an unusually high repeat value (I pull it out every year), you will find no better video investment for less than $10.

Killbots
(1986)
Lightning Home Video
★★★☆☆

Three security robots do their job by terrorizing four couples locked in a shopping mall overnight so they could hump on the beds of the department store in which they work. Robots, for the most part, win.

Only pudgy Kelli Maroney and nerdy Tony O'Dell pose any kind of threat to the robots. The others die out of incompetence, stupidity or half-nakedness. Of these eight annoying teens, John Terlesky is the most annoying because he gnaws violently at gum the *entire* time.

Jim Wynorksi directed this jokey Roger Corman production, which features many, many in-jokes and references to other Corman films, including about three minutes of footage directly from *Attack of the Crab Monsters*. This is also known under the misleading title *Chopping Mall*.

Lifeforce
(1985)
Vestron Video
★★★☆☆

Tobe Hooper's naked space vampire movie is enjoyable up to a point – the point where it ceases to be a naked space vampire movie. But until then, predating *Species* by a decade, it's a good dose of kinky fun, thanks to the innumerable talents of the gorgeous Mathilda May, who plays the clothes-shunning naked space vampire.

Once Steve Railsback returns from space, however, it becomes a tedious and tiresome lensed-in-Britain chase.

Tobe Hooper can be very good (*Poltergeist*) or very, very bad (*The Mangler*), but at least his ideas are always interesting. This is one of those that never quite comes to fruition.

The Way It Works: Women and 'The Pill'
(1993)
Searle
★★★★★

Absorb this fun fact, dear reader: This year in the United States alone, more than 1 million teenage girls will become pregnant. But have no fear! Shannen Doherty is here!

The perpetually stuffy star of *Beverly Hills 90210* has the starring role in this instructional video about birth control pills. Distributed by Searle, the makers of the ever-popular (but, disappointingly, not orange-flavored) Demulen 1/35 and 1/50 oral contraceptives, the tape is titled *The Way It Works: Women and 'The Pill.'* And, I must say, it is the *Citizen Kane* of birth control pill instructional videos.

Dare I call it *Citizen Shannen*? For it is Shannen's inherent genius that gives this film its meat and its depth. Decked out in a trendy green blazer/blue jeans ensemble and sporting a WPIK microphone, Shannen scours the streets conducting interviews to discover what random citizens know about "the pill." As the box reads, "You'll be amazed at her discoveries!"

And boy, was I ever. Her interviews seem *not at all* staged or scripted. At one point, she approaches an unsuspecting woman, shoves the mike in her face and snorts in that nasal whine of hers, "*Excuse me! Sex education!* How were you taught?"

Instead of stumbling as most people would when caught off-guard, or instead of saying "Oh, you're that *90210* bitch. My, how I hate you," as even more people would, the calm citizen eloquently spouts off a carefully thought-out, five-sentence answer.

The box also tantalizes our thirst for entertainment by claiming it "will tell you some of things you've always wanted to know about 'the pill' you're taking — but forgot to ask." I was expecting to hear questions like "Do I put it under my tongue?" and "Are they chewable?" and even "Do they have any shaped like Dino?"

I was not disappointed.

The plot of this short film is as such: Three teenage girls sitting together on a couch decide to watch a TV show about birth control pills. Incidentally, it stars Queen Shannen. The triumvirate of horse-faced youths eat phallic Cheez-Doodles as Shannen waxes poetic over mucus on the cervix. The gals also relate everything Shannen says to space

analogies. For instance, Shannen talks about a matured egg leaving the ovary; "And we have lift-off!" quips the brunette. Shannen talks about the thickening of the uterus lining; "Stand-by, base!" says the blonde. Shannen talks about an embryo attaching itself to the uterine wall; "And the eagle has landed!" cries the redhead. Yes, it's *Mystery Science Theater 3000*, sorority-style.

Shannen educates young America by stating "the pill" is 97 percent effective, conveniently forgetting to mention side effects like cerebral hemorrhaging and retinal lesions. But no matter, for bee-yoo-tiful teens have no problems! As Shannen says, "You must use them every single time that you have sex." Um, excuse me, Shannen, but don't you mean *every day*?

The dramatic highlight of the film comes when Shannen says, "One thing's for sure: If you don't want to get pregnant, you have *got* to take control." She then turns and notices she is standing in front of a newsstand, where some 18 copies of her *People* magazine cover are prominently displayed. She turns her nose in disgust and storms off. It is at this tense moment when we *connect* with Shannen and *truly realize* the *troubling trials* of being a public figure. The *attention*, the *admiration*, the *horror*. *It is enough to make one weep.*

Our three female couch potatoes add fine support, though. When Shannen advocates using spermicide, the puzzled brunette taking notes (!) says, "Non-...non-..."

The blonde, with a coy, knowing smile, corrects her smugly, *"Nonoxynol-9!"* The slut then shares her own brush with contraceptive spookiness. As she relates with convincing angst, "Sometimes your breasts feel weird — y'know, *sensitive*? You can even have trouble wearing contact lenses!"

"Contact lenses?" laughs the redhead. "Where are you trying to wear 'em?"

Blondie continues: "I also had some bleeding during my first cycle. Y'know, that was a little scary until I found out what it was." What, *blood?*

Every other exchange of such bowhead-speak is just as emotionally wrenching. Yet it is hard to imagine that any of these girls would have the need for birth control, given their totally repulsive personalities.

At the end, Shannen looks straight into the camera — and thus, at *us* — and delivers a jarring, passionate soliloquy: "Well, here's the part where I'm supposed to give you some wise words on taking responsibility for your body. But you know that, *right*? And you do that, *right*? 'Cuz this is the only body you've got...*and that's the way it works!*"

Knock, knock! Do you hear that, Shannen? I do believe that's Oscar calling! (The wench trio then proceeds to gorge themselves over the end credits.) What a performance. What pathos. What art. Oh, the humanity. The people at Searle deserve next year's Irving G. Thalberg Award for producing this masterpiece of human suffering.

The Fog
(1980)
RCA/Columbia Home Video

★★☆☆☆

John Carpenter's been slumming since *Halloween*, and there's no better proof than *The Fog*, which promises angry ghost pirates and gives you that, but really only in the last 20 minutes or so.

Until then, it's slooow going as John tries to build suspense with fog. Try again, John.

Las Peliculas de Santo

1958
- ☐ *The Evil Brain*
- ☐ *The Infernal Men*

1960
- ☐ *Santo vs. the Zombies (Invasion of the Zombies)*
- ☐ *Santo vs. the Evil Brain*
- ☐ *Santo vs. the King of Crime*
- ☐ *Santo in the House of Death*

1962
- ☐ *Santo vs. the Vampire Women*

1963
- ☐ *Santo in the Wax Museum*
- ☐ *Santo vs. the Strangler*
- ☐ *Santo vs. the Ghost of the Strangler*

1964
- ☐ *Blue Demon vs. the Satanic Powers*
- ☐ *Santo Attacks the Witches*
- ☐ *Santo vs. the Diabolical Hatchet*

1965
- ☐ *The Grave Robbers*
- ☐ *Santo vs. Baron Bracola*

1966
- ☐ *Santo vs. the Invasion of the Marcianos*
- ☐ *Santo vs. the Villains of the Ring*
- ☐ *Operation 67*
- ☐ *The Treasure of Montezuma*

1968
- ☐ *Santo in the Treasure of Dracula*
- ☐ *Santo vs. Capulina*
- ☐ *Santo and Blue Demon in Atlantis*

1969
- ☐ *Santo and Blue Demon vs. the Monsters*
- ☐ *The World of the Dead*
- ☐ *Santo vs. the Face of Death*

1970
- ☐ *Santo vs. the Riders of Terror*
- ☐ *Santo in the Revenge of the Vampire Women*
- ☐ *Santo vs. the Vice Ring*
- ☐ *Santo in the Revenge of the Mummy*

1971
- ☐ *Santo vs. the Headhunters*
- ☐ *Santo vs. Frankenstein's Daughter*
- ☐ *Suicide Mission*
- ☐ *Killers of the Other World*
- ☐ *The Golden Eagle (Santo and the Tigress)*
- ☐ *The Guanajato Mummies*

1972
- ☐ *Santo and Blue Demon vs. Dracula and the Wolfman*
- ☐ *Santo vs. the Kidnappers*
- ☐ *Santo vs. Black Magic*
- ☐ *The Beasts of Terror*
- ☐ *Santo vs. the She-Wolves*
- ☐ *Deadly Anonymity*

1973
- ☐ *The Revenge of the Ghost*
- ☐ *Santo and Blue Demon vs. Dr. Frankenstein*
- ☐ *Santo vs. Dr. Death*

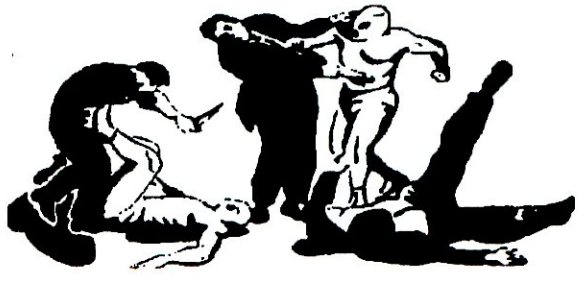
1974
- ☐ *Santo in the Mystery of the Black Pearl*
- ☐ *Santo in Black Gold (The Night of San Juan)*

1977
- ☐ *Mystery in the Bermudas*

1979
- ☐ *Santo in the Frontier of Terror*

1981
- ☐ *Santo vs. the Murderer of TV*
- ☐ *Chanoc and the Son of Santo vs. the Murderous Vampires*

1982
- ☐ *The Puno of Death*
- ☐ *The Fury of the Karatemen*



Sorceress
(1994)
Triboror Entertainment Group
★★☆☆☆

So this guy walks around his house and keeps having visions of being humped by Julie Strain on various pieces of furniture. This drives him crazy, but frankly, I don't see the problem.

The hallucinations are all being controlled by a devil-worshipping Linda Blair, who's got it out for this guy – so bad that when the guy gets a new girlfriend (Rochelle Swanson), Linda makes *her* see visions of Strain and a redhead humping *her*. Geez, is this house on the market?

Sonic Outlaws
(1995)
N/A
★★★☆☆

What begins as a documentary of the legal travails of the rule-bending experimental band Negativland and slowly broadens to become a chronicle of government copyright laws, *Sonic Outlaws* has a tendency to veer towards fascinating before doing some pretentious to screw it up.

Directed by stock footage-happy Craig Baldwin, the film usually loses its appeal when it attempts to go arty via a pixelized camera. The effect is cool for about 15 seconds, but Baldwin seems determined to use it for about 15 minutes.

In fact, the guy doesn't quite know when to stop with anything. Many segments, notably a band member listening to a scanner, drone on and on with no relief in sight. Thankfully, though, Baldwin is able to throw you for a curve, which he does in the segment on the Barbie Liberation Organization.

Night of the Living Dead
(1990)
RCA/Columbia Home Video
★★★★☆

You really can't expect to top George Romero's original classic, so director Tom Savini doesn't even try. With a Romero script, he just throws the film in the air to see if it will fly – and it does. Thanks are in part to his near-relentless sense of pacing, especially at the beginning. No sooner have the credits stopped rolling when a zombie assault has commenced in the cemetery.

With the benefit of about 20 years, Savini is able to show more gore than Romero ever did, and takes advantage of the fact. His most audacious move is to change the ending a little – the black guy is no longer mistaken as a zombie and killed by the cops, but Savini tosses in a few chilling shots that speak about as much as man's inhumanity to man.

Motel Hell
(1980)
MGM/UA Home Video
★★★☆☆

The very idea of this film repulsed me as a kid – and still does – but it's actually played very tame. Big, dumb farmer Rory Calhoun runs a motel and sells sausages and beef jerky. He doesn't seem to have much repeat business in the motel part, primarily because he and his sister like to subdue their visitors, slice out their vocal chords, bury them in the garden and prepare them for slaughter. And you thought it was the spices that made those meats taste so good.

Motel Hell is played with a thick sense of humor – and it'd have to, since Rory spends the climax wearing a pig head and wielding a chainsaw. It's not the least bit scary – no surprise for a film with Wolfman Jack playing a televangelist.

The Fog
(1980)
RCA/Columbia Home Video
★☆☆☆☆

On second thought, *two stars?* I was being *much* too kind.

Death Machine
(1994)
Vidmark Entertainment
★★★☆☆

A lot better than you'd think, *Death Machine* pits crazy electronics expert Brad Dourif and his metal-jawed, chomp-happy creation of the title against everyone else couped up in the office.

Though hampered by too much talking, the film comes alive when the machine comes to kill. Played at times to a near-comical effect, these scenes are well-directed and far above the average straight-to-video thriller.

When the director failed to show anything but glimpses of the monster for a majority of the film, I was ready to cry foul, but he merely waits to unleash it for the bloody finale.

Silk n' Sabotage
(1994)
Academy Entertaiment
★☆☆☆☆

Even at just over an hour, this erotic comedy is unwatchable. A dim-bulb blonde with surgically enhanced features has created a computer game that an iron-jawed lothario steals while seducing her. And if you can believe that set-up – especially when our heroine looks as she though she lacks the skills required to turn a computer *on* – then, quite frankly, you're a fucking idiot.

Since that plot leaves the film ripe with endless possibilities, the filmmakers throw in a roommate who holds lingerie parties four nights a week, another roommate whose pastime is writhing in front of a mirror and a couple of guys who break into the girls' house on a near-nightly basis for sex.

Edited with the subtlety of a Louisville Slugger and most assuredly scripted by monkeys, *Silk n' Sabotage* is both maddening n' moronic.

Rattlers
(1972)
Something Weird Video
★★★☆☆

You can't argue with a good snake movie, especially one with the balls to kill off two innocent young moppets before the opening credits are even set to roll. Harry Novak's slithering beast of a TV-movie, *Rattlers*, does just that.

In addition, it also has snakes kill a dog and a chicken. One farm boy takes a pair of fangs right smack in the face. A screaming housewife runs through her abode, finding the scaly bastards in every room.

Finally, a marble-mouthed scientist and his ethnically mysterious companion stumble upon the snakes' underground nest where, lucky for them, the snakes have created tunnels big enough for humans to waltz through freely.

Though the sheer pleasure of seeing a parade of dumbasses get bit becomes muted by a talk-heavy Act III and an abbreviated, non-climatic ending, these *Rattlers* aren't for show. They kick ass.

COPS in Hot Pursuit
(1996)
Barbour/Langley Productions
★★★★★
Caught on Camera: Volume I
(1996)
Barbour/Langley Productions
★★★★★

This Barbour/Langley team reportedly made a killing off by slapping together uncensored footage from their long-running FOX series *COPS* and selling it through TV commercials. That effort, *COPS: Too Hot for TV!* (reviewed in the last **HITCH**) was so well-received that they're churning out more.

And you know what? Unlike most mail-order-only tapes (Hard Hat Harry, anyone?), theirs are ~~not~~ good. *Damn* good, in fact.

Sure, *COPS in Hot Pursuit* is nothing but 47 minutes worth of car chases, but my God, what car chases! Some idiot leads the pigs on a highway chase even though he's only got three wheels. Another guy in a van causes about six wrecks before he finally wrecks himself. You've even got pursuits on foot that

get the ol' adrenaline flowing. If the other *COPS* compilations are half as much fun as this, they'll be worth owning.

Admittedly, *Caught on Camera* reeks of exploitation, but I don't have a problem with it. Do you? Billing itself as "The Ultimate Reality Video!," it does not disappoint. You'll understand why when the tape begins at breakneck speed with a barrage of air show crash footage, followed by some serious speedboat accidents. Then you have some firemen falling through roofs, tornadoes ripping houses apart, shootouts between police and scum and other disasters.

Say you want to see a fat woman fall out of a ferris wheel? It's here! Aching for a pipe bomb to explode in a guy's face? Hell, it's here, too! And after they show it to you, they show it to you in slow motion!

My only beef with these tapes in that the damn labels won't stay stuck, often peeling up in the VCR. Other than that, these babies are viewing gold.

Bikini Squad
(1993)
N/A
★★☆☆☆

Baywatch is a show ripe for parody, and this tiny comedy (whose biggest star is nudie queen Julie Strain) is good for a few laughs, but only a few. A new female director joins the show *Bikini Squad*, only to clash with the egotistical male lead, the ditzy blonde and so on.

For a movie that's barely over an hour, there sure are a lot of elongated scenes featuring a woman in her underwear running along the sand with a whip.

This mess, tolerable for about 20 minutes, was directed by Adam Rifkin (*The Chase*, *Psycho Cop Returns*, *The Dark Backward*), who hides under a pseudonym as director *and* under another for his annoying and offensive cameo role as a gay trainer.

Classroom Scare Films, Vol. 3: Drug Horrors
(1996)
Something Weird Video
★★★★★

Marijuana – aka "dope," "pot," "wacky tebaccy," et al. – is targeted as Public Enemy No. 1 in this uproarious collection of six vintage educational films ranging from the decadent '60s to the just-say-no '80s.

The tape opens with the Armed Forces-produced *The People Vs. Pot*, which has its own jaunty theme song, sung by a Neil Diamond sound-alike: "Pot! Pot! Gimme some pot! Forget what you are, you can be what you're not! Pot! Pot! Take a family cruise! You with grass, your parents with booze!" Pretty soon, you've got servicemen in hypnotic trances and choking on their own vomit.

This is followed by a 30-minute sermon entitled *The Trip Back*, delivered by a 50-year-old ex-dope fiend ex-whore who happens to be the most annoying Jewish woman ever commited to film. Her half-hour tirade to an auditorium of visibly frightened schoolchildren seems like one long sentence, in which she tries to convince the kids she "was fly," ridicules those that question her generalizations, talks extensively about the dangers of "horse" and addresses some of the crowd as "you Negro girls, I don't know if you live in Harlem."

A pair of driving-while-high warnings comes next in the form of *Marijuana, Driving, and You* and the tape's brightest spot, *Smoky Joe's Highride*, in which a video game addict plays a new game getting the toke-taking hero and his carpool of pals across town without killing pedestrians. Making extensive use of animation, this short is *Reefer Madness* for the Pac-Man crowd.

The only non-marijuana spot included is a nifty old short under the name *No Smoking*, which details all the ills caused to your body by nicotine.

Closing out the tape is the all-too-lengthy *Marijuana: The Hidden Danger*. Something Weird kind of cheats by tacking this one on, because it's not an old film at all, but an actual, honest-to-God television news report. While the outdated haircuts and chipmunk-like anchor/reporter provide some fun, it's just a just-the-facts parade of talking heads and trotted-out statistics. No hilarious re-enactments, no simulated drug trips, no hammy dialogue – all of which can be found in heaps in all five shorts that precede it.

That said, this collection of films in the creative *Classroom Scare Films* series is a real treasure. It is wonderful that these unintentionally hilarious reels have been scrounged around for, saved and shared with the rest of us.

All of the videos reviewed in this section were done so by Rod Lott. Usually, Chris Henry steps in to provide a review or two or three or four, but he claims he's been too busy, what with work and school and all. We forgive him anyway.

H

MST3K on VHS

While fans of *Mystery Science Theater 3000* breathlessly await the debut of new episodes when the acclaimed show moves to the Sci-Fi Channel in February 1997, the golden moments of the cult fave can be relived on home video.

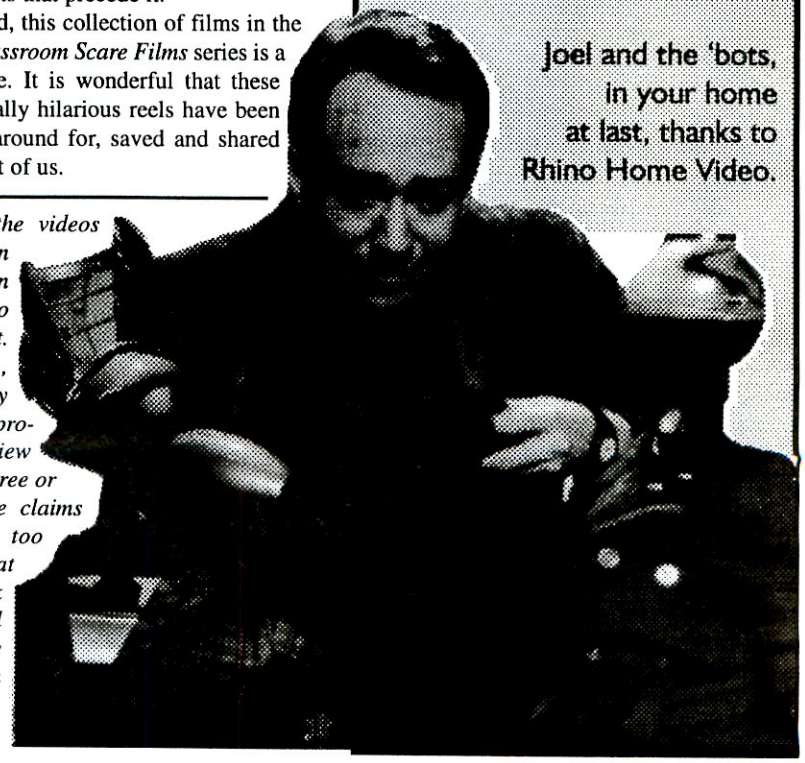
Rhino Home Video is releasing 20 classic shows in sets of five. Already available from the first set are *Cave Dwellers*, *The Amazing Colossal Man* and the Joe Don Baker opus *Mitchell*, to be joined very soon by the alien invasion film *Pod People* and *The Brain That Wouldn't Die*.

The other sets are due out in 1997. They are as follows:

Set 2: *Stranded in Space*, *The Giant Gila Monster*, *The Magic Voyage of Sinbad*, *Operation Double 007* and *The Beginning of the End*.

Set 3: *Master Ninja I*, *Teenagers from Outer Space*, *Manos: The Hands of Fate*, *The Girl in Lovers' Lane* and *Colossus and the Headhunters*.

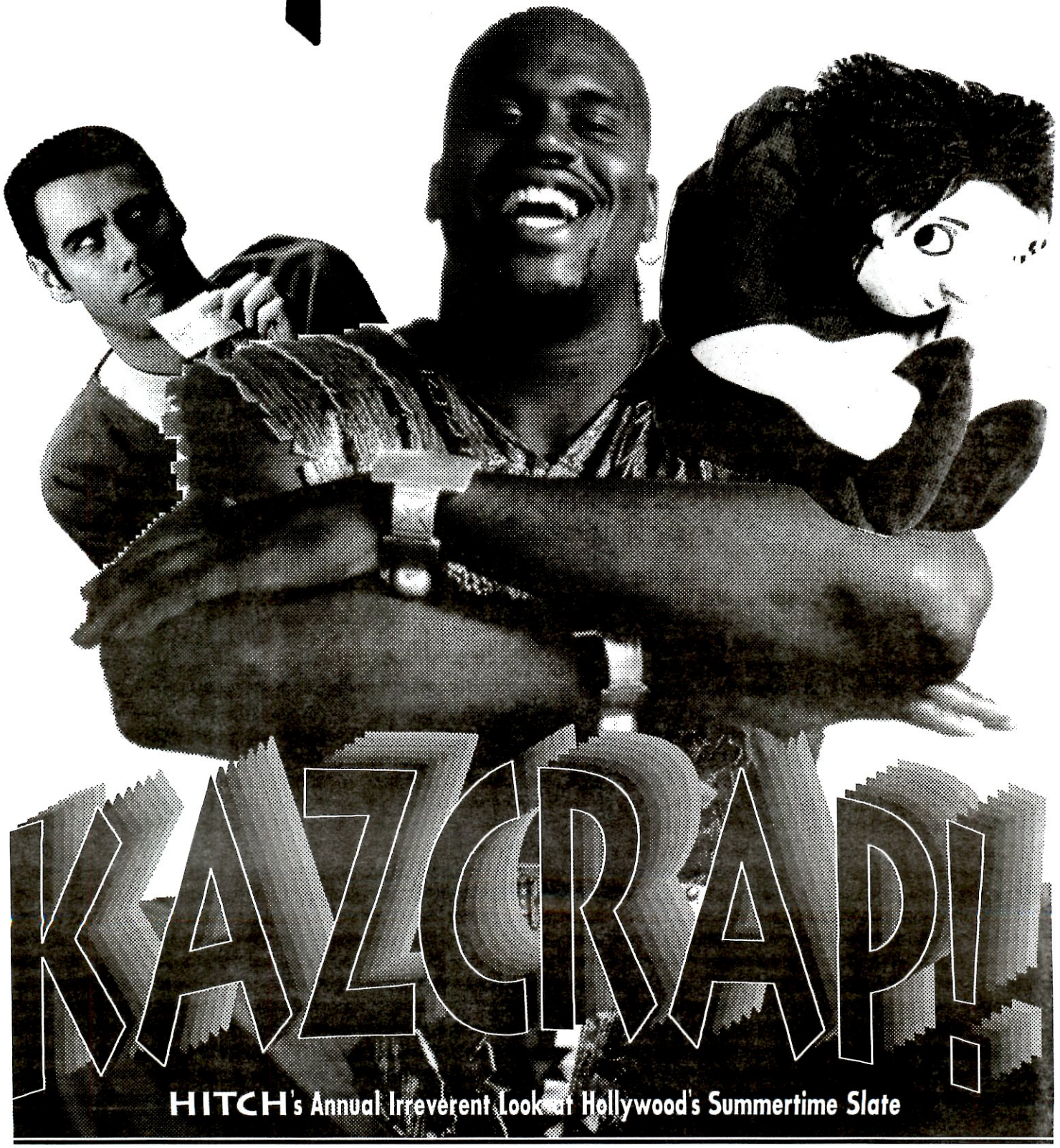
Set 4: *Godzilla vs. Megalon*, *Santa Claus Conquers the Martians*, *Hercules Unchained*, *Secret Agent Super Dragon* and *Santa Claus*.



Joel and the 'bots, in your home at last, thanks to Rhino Home Video.

1996 SUMMER MOVIE SPECTACULAR

FLICKS



KAZCRAP!

HITCH's Annual Irreverent Look at Hollywood's Summertime Slate

"My 8-year-old is supposed to understand this? We just came expecting to see a big basketball player come out of a boom box and do magic." – a disgruntled *Kazaam* viewer

Well, it's almost over. By definition, the summer movie season lasts through Labor Day weekend, but considering we won't be putting out another issue until November, it seemed more applicable to discuss the season here.

Besides, August is traditionally the month to dump everything else that wasn't worthy enough for a plum spot in the more sweltering weeks.

Once again, we review the highlights, the low points and the Disney stuff, with irreverence, honesty and a few surprises (like the feature below).

Enjoy. So long. Kazaam.

PAMELA ANDERSON LEE'S BARB WIRE ACTING LESSONS

1

- Heave bosom
- Tease hair to achieve "JBF" look
- Open mouth to resemble inflatable doll
- Stare suggestively, as if at phallic symbol

- Heave bosom
- Tease hair to achieve "JBF" look
- Open mouth to resemble inflatable doll
- Grasp phallic symbol suggestively

2

3

- Heave bosom
- Tease hair to achieve "JBF" look
- Straddle phallic symbol suggestively

"My children see me naked all the time. They bathe with me." –Demi Moore, justifying *Striptease*

TWISTER

I'm in the majority here: Incredible effects, lousy story. The acting by Bill Paxton and Helen Hunt was easily one-upped by the more charming Bruce Campbell and the more foxy Shannon Sturges in Fox-TV's ripoff *Tornado!*

Jan de Bont knows how to throw a lot of big vehicles around, as he proved with *Speed.* But what else could he do? I hope he branches out with his next outing – and gets a real script.

For the record: Unlike what you see in the movie, Oklahoma does have metro areas and all those modern trappings the rest of America is used to, and *no*, not all Oklahomans are as stupid as the loud, fat guy in the cap.

SPY HARD

Leslie Nielsen hit highs with the three *Naked Gun* movies. This one's about half as good as the worst of those. And yet, that's still better than *Repossessed, Rent-a-Kid* and *Surf Ninjas* combined. And throw *Bad Golf My Way* in there, too, just out of principle.

EDDIE

There are a very few movies that I won't go see even for free. But "anything with Whoopi Goldberg" is one of them.

THE ROCK

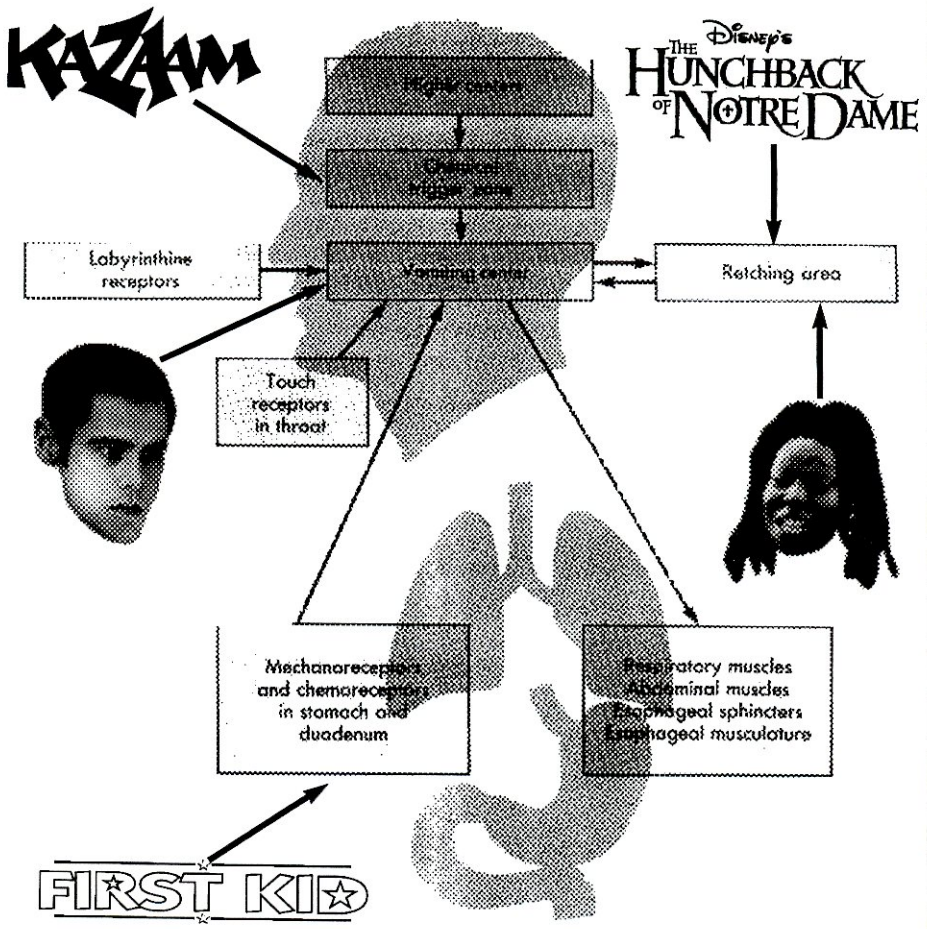
Basically, James Bond and H.I. McDunough break into Alcatraz – and kick ass!

Seriously though, nobody delivers a line quite like Nicolas Cage, and nobody can be as cool while looking old as Sean Connery.

Bad Boys director Michael Bay continues in his quest to be the next Tony Scott in a macho, testosterone-fueled sonic boom that doesn't make much sense, but takes you on a fast ride on its way to nowhere.

One question: Whatever happened to all the hostages we see at the beginning?

HITCH's Summer Movie VOMITOMETER



—*John Scariano and Rod Lott*

MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE

It made sense to me: Egotistical superstar fashions himself a star vehicle, right? Despite an overabundance of Tom Cruise and a script that vastly overestimated its cohesiveness, I enjoyed it. Brian DePalma can always be counted upon for suspenseful set pieces, and movie is nothing more than three of them strung together.

All the really likable people (save for Emilio Estevez in a mercifully small, "what the hell is *he* doing here?" role) were killed off in the first few minutes, but I was able to get over it once burly black man Ving Rhames and surly French squirrel Jean Reno hopped aboard.

One-half of the group U2's new take on the classic Lalo Schifrin theme song is cool, but DePalma's brave opening credit montage is cooler. If they do a sequel, I want the enemy to be the Church of Scientology.

THE PHANTOM

Unfairly compared by naysayers to Alec Baldwin's *The Shadow*, *The Phantom* is a fairly cool comic-book adaptation, with Saturday serial-style thrills and a great leading man (Billy Zane).

But what's with the supporting cast? Treat Williams? Kristy Swanson? A horse?

THE CABLE GUY

Okay, Jim, it's nice to see you toned your shtick down a bit. Now howzabout doing so by 10 *more* notches?

Someday, Jim Carrey may give a performance, as opposed to a feature-length retard impression. Until then, the $20 million man will have to con-

tinue reading lines like this: It's good to see Matthew Broderick back on the screen.

Director Ben Stiller has a lot of talent. Much more than Carrey, in fact, and I hope he has a long and prodigious career making subversive films that make money. (But without Jimbo.)

Disney's The Hunchback of Notre Dame

Didn't see it. Never will. There are few things in life I'll truly boycott, but Disney's cloying formula animated musicals are on that short list.

Welcome to the Dollhouse

Wretched title. As our own Joe Rogers put it, "It sounds like one of those horror movies where dolls get possessed by demons or something. And the title comes from the scene where a little kid is trapped by these dolls and one of them turns to him and says in a gravelly voice, 'Welcome to the dollhouse!'"

Well, it's not that kind of movie. But it is scarier than that. At once hilarious and heartbreaking, it can be very funny one moment and painful to watch the next.

STRIPTEASE

A good candidate for the worst movie of the summer, if not the year. Demi Moore, already not a good actress, drops down a few rungs on the thespian ladder. Her breasts are as fake as the limp dialogue. Are we really to believe her as a single mom driven to stripping? The only real stretch in this movie are the marks on the boobs.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

Independence Day? Never heard of it.

A TIME TO KILL

While it should be remembered for generations to come for an unflinching look at Southern racism, an Oscar-worthy performance by Samuel Jackson and the mere glandular presence of Ashley Judd, *A Time to Kill* will likely be remembered for generations to come as the movie where *everybody*, at *every* given point in *every* given scene, sweats.

The Adventures of Pinocchio

Succeeds...in making Pinocchio out to be a scary, lanky monkey.

This film's saving grace is that the annoying, horrible-haircutted Jonathan Taylor Thomas (JTT to teeny-boppers) provides Pinocchio's voice, thus remaining unseen until only the final three minutes.

Of course, then he gives the film its biggest laugh, by running straight up into the camera lens and exclaiming, "I'm a real boy!"

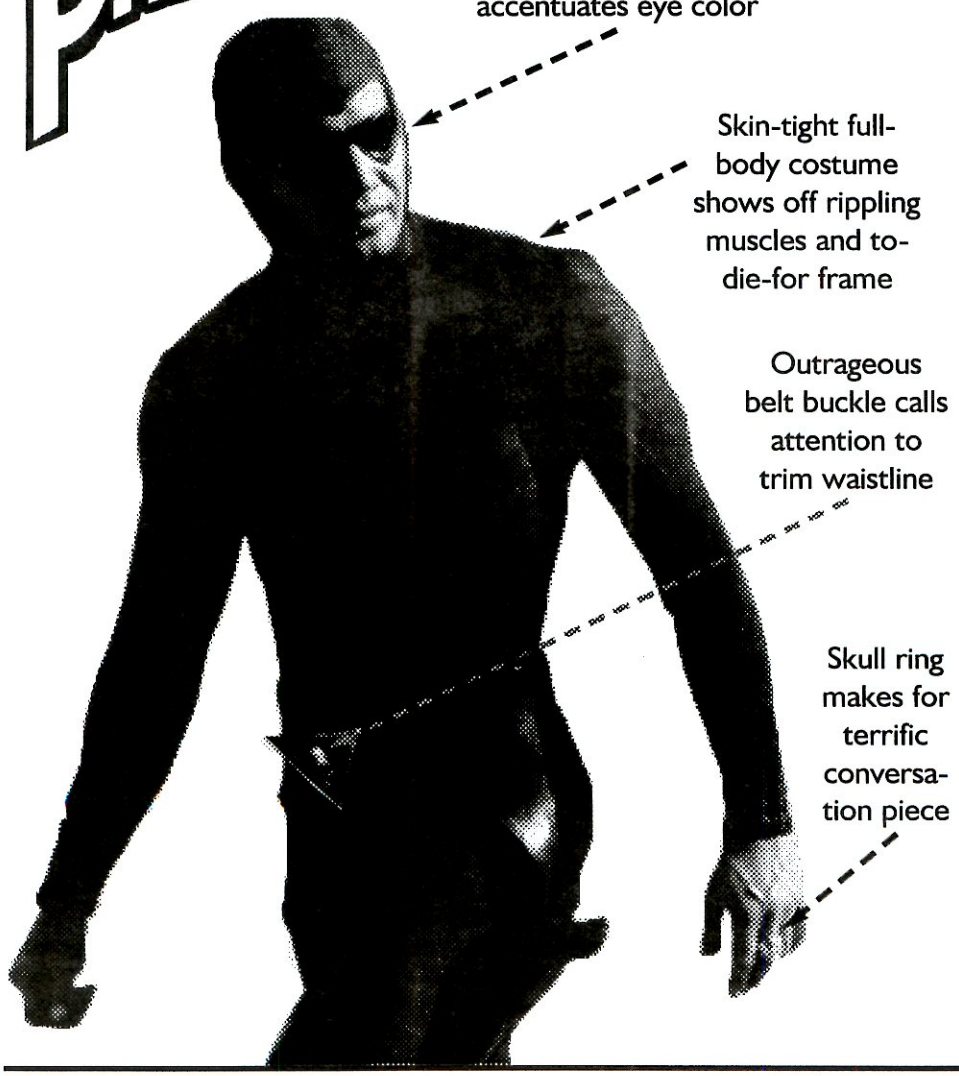
Ha-ha! Geek.

ESCAPE FROM L.A.

This is quite possibly the most fun movie of the summer. It's a lot better than the original of 15 years ago.

Kurt Russell, Steve Buscemi, Bruce Campbell...you can't go wrong.

Phunky Phasion with THE PHANTOM

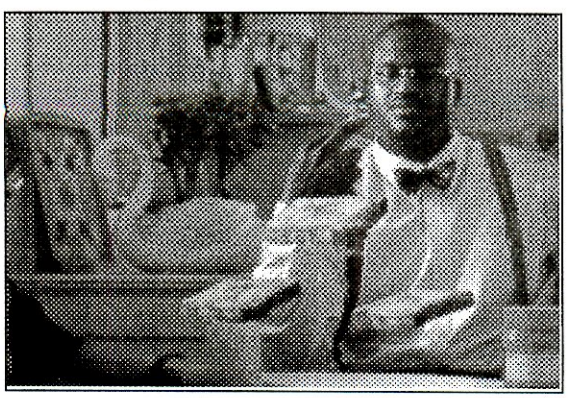

Brooding black mask accentuates eye color
Skin-tight full-body costume shows off rippling muscles and to-die-for frame
Outrageous belt buckle calls attention to trim waistline
Skull ring makes for terrific conversation piece

"The Federal Witness Protection Program is a program that protects witnesses." –Arnie on *Eraser*

The Summer's Best Special Effect

Vanessa Angel, *Kingpin*

The Summer's *Least* Special Effect



Shaq levitates toast!

ID4: *16 Nagging Questions*

1. When Wil Smith punches the alien and says, "Welcome to Earth," why did the alien pass out? Isn't that supposed to actually be his super-cool biological body suit?

2. Wasn't it a little too convenient that the stripper found the first lady? I did, however, appreciate that the movie had the balls to actually kill her off. Sniffle.

3. Explain to me again why the spaceship they had stored in Area 51 had human-sized seats with seatbelts?

4. What the hell was up with Jeff Goldblum being able to break into the mother ship's computer system and upload a virus in less time than it takes me to log onto e-mail?

5. If the mother ship takes over the piloting of the baby ships once they get within a certain radius, how is it that The Fly and The Fresh Prince were able to break out?

6. The Fly and The Fresh Prince lit their cigars when they were stuck inside the mother ship. Are they special cigars or something? Because when they walked away from the ship an hour or so later, they were still smoking them.

7. It looked to me like the big ass ship they were fighting in the end was directly over the Area 51 compound. Did it just conveniently swerve to the left about 10 miles to avoid crashing over it? Shouldn't corpses and shit have been falling out of the air all over the place?

8. Wasn't it convenient that the man who saved the world (Goldblum) just happened to have Washington connections?

9. The chicks went through about four wardrobe changes while in Area 51. Is there a mall there or something? I thought they escaped only with themselves. And when Showgirl was about to get hitched, she said her dress was "borrowed." From whom? E.T.?

10. Why the hell did the aliens give the Earthlings enough time to plan a counter-offensive, when they obviously had the power to annihilate them within about three hours?

11. How come every time a spaceship came in, it was cloaked in a mass of pretty clouds?

12. I probably just missed this, but how did Showgirl know to go to Area 51?

13. Wasn't it just a little too convenient that the alien took over the president's brain just long enough for him to see just what the hell was going on, rather than figuring out some intelligent way to find out their motives?

14. When The Fly and The Guy From *Taxi* headed to Washington, how was it that they were the only ones who were able to break through the traffic in the matter of time it takes to switch cameras? One second, the whole world is on the road in a panic, the next, they're on the open road to D.C. Granted, everyone else was going the other way, but how the hell did they get out there to begin with?

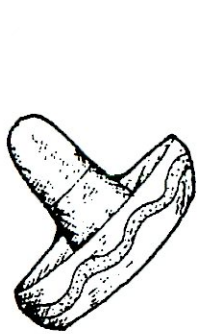
15. Did the part where the Showgirl's dog jumped through the door with the fire coming right behind him remind anyone of Bridget Fonda jumping through the laundry chute in *Point of No Return*? And how come the building they were hiding in wasn't burned to cinders by that massive ball of fire? It just happened to contain itself to the street? Uh-huh.

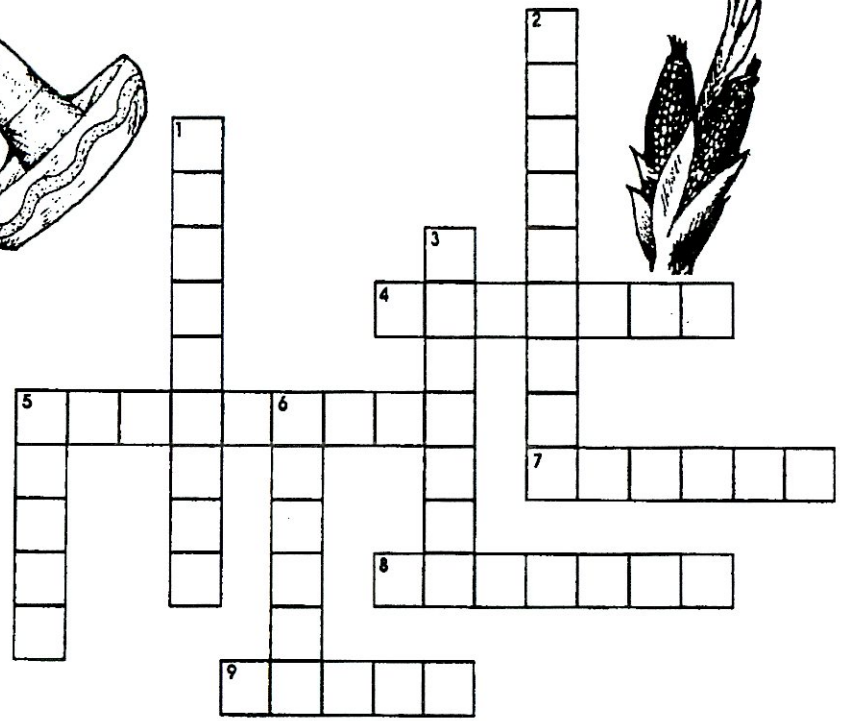
16. Why the abbreviation *ID4*? This is so stupid that it just plain pisses me off.

—*Tiffany Wilken*

"My cheeks are hot. I am electric." – *A Time to Kill*'s Matthew McConaughey, already egotistical

Learning About Mexico Crossword Puzzle





Across

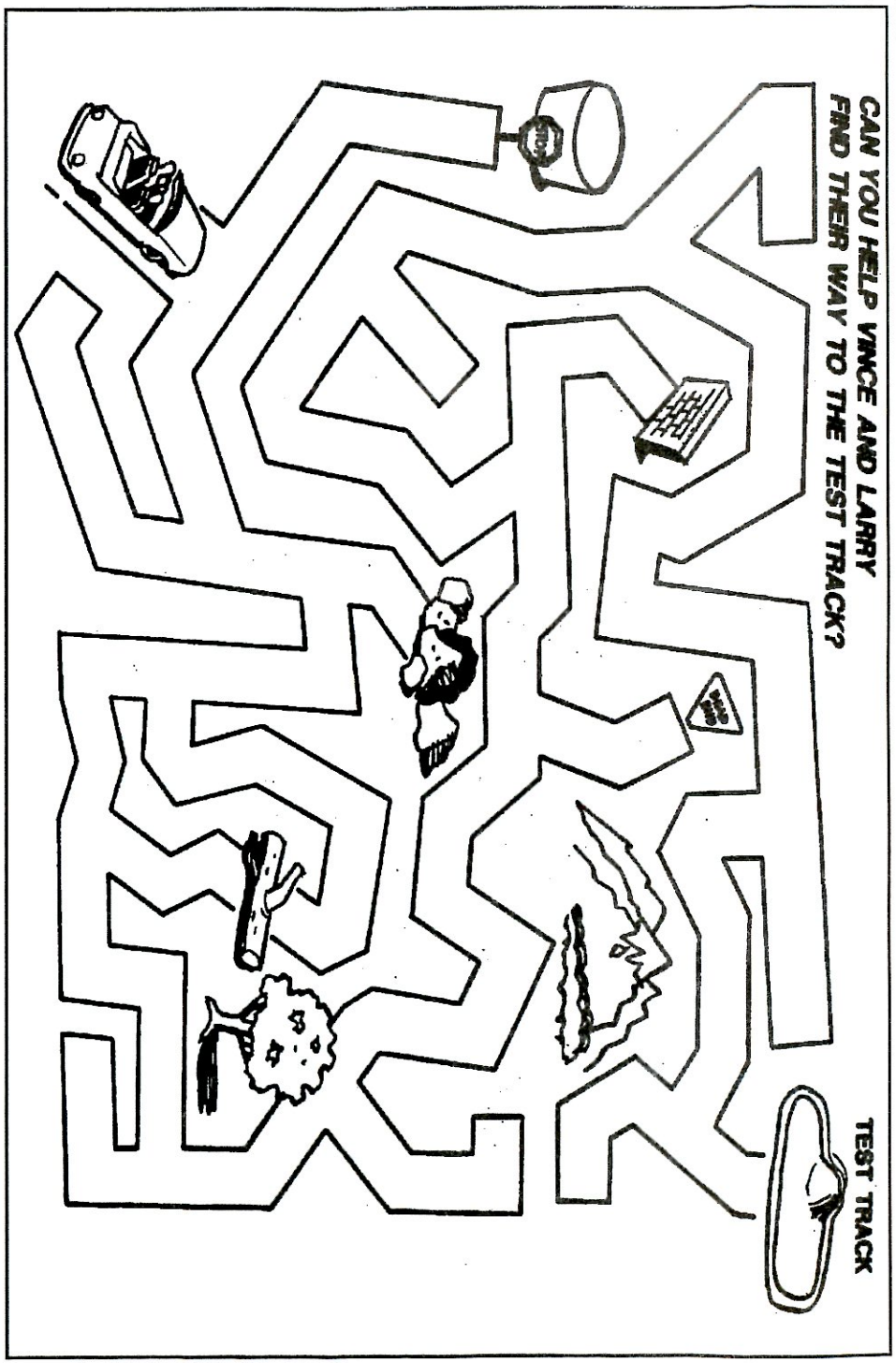
4. Flying pole dance.
5. A popular sport in Mexico.
7. Indians of Mexico who were defeated by the Spanish.
8. Ancient structure built by early Indian tribes.
9. The word for corn.

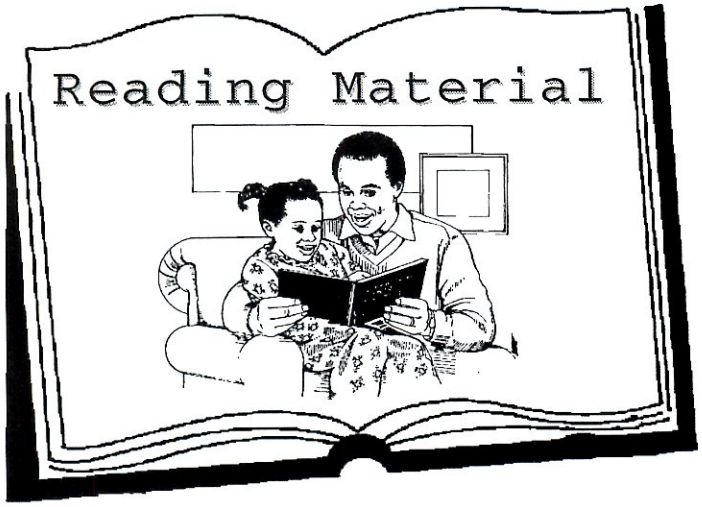
Down

1. One of eight foods introduced to the world by Mexico.
2. The worlds smallest dog.
3. One of the seven arts and crafts for which Mexico is famous.
5. A small donkey.
6. A big lizard.

Word Bank

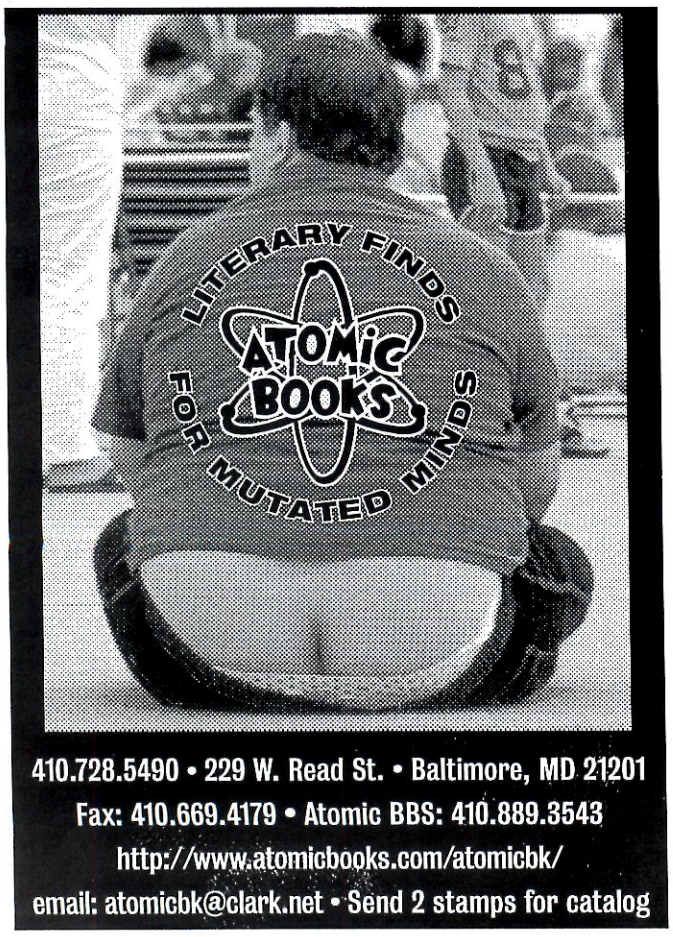
Iguana	Aztecs	Pyramid	Volador	Pottery
Chocolate	Bullfight	Chihuahua	Burro	Maize





ZINES I GOT

The third issue of ***TV Grind*** sports a sexy cover photo of Tina Louise, and the inside's not too shabby, either, with its report on a wild Spanish game show called *The Big Game of the Duck*, a Donna Reed appreciation and an examination of the Shakespearean roots of *Three's Company*. If you're not reading this yet, get on it. It's $2.95 from Dean Williams, P.O. Box 14043, Chicago, IL 60614-0043. ✍ The always entertaining ***Shock Cinema*** is back, and sooner than usual, with a mammoth eighth issue. Reviews include such drive-in fare as *The Candy Snatchers*, *Superchick*, *Caged Heat 3000*, *Gums* and *Voyage of the Rock Aliens*. This is a true steal at $5 from Steve Puchalski, P.O. Box 518, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009. ✍ Horrible job stories abound in ***McJob*** #3, including 101 annoying things that convenience store customers do, a comic about a housekeeper who accidentally stuck herself with needles left behind by a guest and the editor's own true-life travails about working as an assistant to a bitchy wedding photographer. I really liked the clipped "now hiring" ads from Domino's Pizza where idiot Jim entices, "And they even give you a hat like mine!" Still only $2 from Julee Peezlee, P.O. Box 11794, Berkeley, CA 94712-2794. ✍ It may be all in a foreign language, but I still enjoyed ***Los Adventuras de C-Bag e D-Bag***, a mini comic chronicling the somewhat sacriligious adventures of two floating, talking grocery bags. Example of the dialogue: "Viva los heterosexuale sol e luna!" Whatever. The art's cool, too. Write a nice note to La Galleria Mundana, P.O. Box 638, Kenmore Branch, Buffalo, NY 14217. ✍ A majority of ***Exploded View*** – so tiny you can hide it in the palm of your hand – is handwritten, but it's still a lot of fun. Any zine that takes a picture of a grade-school girl and manipulates it to make her look like an alien and then puts that on its cover is. The found art is really the high point here, but the story about working as an insurance drone is funny, complete with a list of the most unusual claims ("While boiling baby bottle nipples, a woman fell asleep. The nipples burst into flames and burned down the house" probably takes the cake.). There's also a ready-to-be-clipped menstrual record chart and "A Gallery of Butt Cuts," which is nothing more than some sick old line drawings stolen from a dusty volume entitled *Atlas of Surgical Technique for the Anus and Colon*. I liked it. You will, too, so send $2 to Mark, P.O. Box 1425, Beaverton, OR 97075. ✍ Brian and Eric go camping in the riotous, spur-of-the-moment seventh issue of the laugh-out-loud ***Brikabrak***. I love this zine, and even though this isn't up to their usual fare, it's genius anyway. The whole thing details their Memorial Day camping trip as it unfolds, complete with successful fire tips, how to ruin said fire ("Threaten to pee onto fire"), fire stunts ("Person who can put their head into fire pit longest, wins"), the tale of lamb's head cake, a guide to poison oak and predictions (i.e. "Our tent will get sucked up in an F5 twister."). Crazy, man. Send a buck to 438 Pennsylvania Ave., Santa Cruz, CA 95062.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Natural Prostate Relief

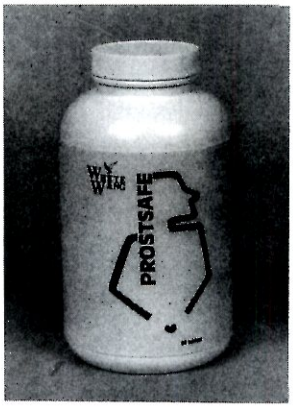
It's a natural fact. If you are a male over 40 and don't already suffer from a prostate gland disorder, the odds are 2 to 1 that you will before you are 59. By the age of 65, most American men have enlarged prostates.

As the years pass, mild discomforts can become disabling. Today, prostate surgery is the second most commonly performed surgery for non-cancerous BPH in men over age 65! Some surgical complications can result.

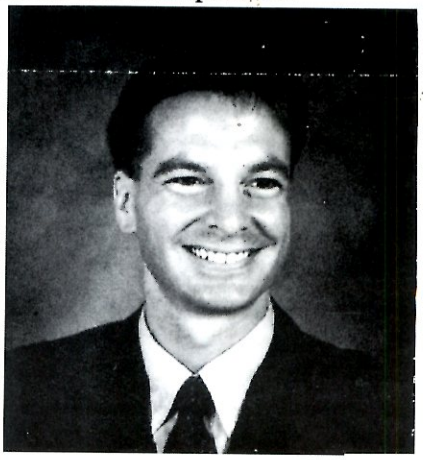
Prescription drugs may halt the swelling, but many prescription drugs may also have side-effects.

Many doctors feel that disorders of BPH can be treated or prevented by giving the prostate gland the nutrition it lacks.

Recent scientific research has shown how to remedy the underlying problems associated with disorders of BPH -- safely and effectively. These results have been published in the *British Journal of Clinical Pharmacology* and the *American Journal of Gerontology.* They reveal that several vitamins, minerals and natural herbs can dramatically shrink the prostate and improve urinary performance in older men.



The most modern application of these healthy ingredients is found in **Prostsafe™** from Whitewing Labs. **Prostsafe** is the nutritional "tool kit" for men with benign prostate problems, and those who wish to prevent them. It is a mixture of zinc, serenoa serrulata, ginseng, certain amino acids, bee pollen and vitamins A, B-6 and E. These ingredients have been shown to help shrink a swollen prostate.



Dr. Leslie Atterbury III, M.D., says "Prostsafe supplies essential vitamins, minerals and herbs needed to nourish and maintain a healthy prostate."

Our customers have said Prostsafe™ helps to:

Halt the endless trips to the bathroom during the night!

Stop that burning sensation during or after urination!

Prevent uncontrollable wetting!

Improve bladder control!

Empty bladder completely!

Sit through an entire sports event !

Eliminate burning feeling!

For as little as a dollar a day, that seems like inexpensive insurance against disorders of BPH. If for some reason you are not satisfied, just return the unused portion within 30 days for a full refund.

The reasons why men over 40 use **Prostsafe** are clear. If you are looking for relief, order **Prostsafe** today.

"I can now pass a bathroom without stopping. Sometimes I pass two or three!"
-- Mr. L. Johnston
Indian Wells, CA

"Now I get a good night's sleep without getting up every two hours to urinate."
-- Mr. C. Hussy
Cleburne, TX

"Before I used to have several bladder infections a year. Now I do not have any."
-- Mr. A. Simon
Charlotte, MI

"Prostsafe has stopped the burning after urination."
-- Mr. C.E. Black
Barboursville, WV

"I have less aches and stiffness"
-- Mr. K. Osmon
St. Francisville, IL

"...my urinary flow has improved greatly. I no longer have to force..."
-- Mr. P. G. Sadler
Ocean, NJ

Whitewing Labs, Dept 4133
17939 Chatsworth St., Suite 408, Granada Hills, CA 91344

☐ PS1 1 month supply of Prostsafe only **$34.95** plus $5.00 S&H
☐ PS2 2 month supply only **$59.95** (Save $9.95) plus $5.00 S&H
☐ PS6 6 month supply only **$119.95** (Save $89.75) plus $5.00 S&H
Check Encl. $_____ CA res. add 8.25% & AZ res. add 5.75%
Visa/MC/AmEx/Disc._____Exp._____
Name:_____
Address:_____
City _____State___Zip_____Ph: (____)_____
UPS Ship to:_____
City _____State___Zip_____Ph: (____)_____

or call 1-800-950-3030 Dept. 4133